THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

LOOSE SHEETS,
Picked up by a Stroller.

NO. VI.

Mr. Editor,—I was last Sunday evening cooling myself over a glass of Contoit's ice-cream, dreaming of the Cattskill Mountain House, the North Pole, Critics, the Cholera, and other refreshing matters, when my attention was arrested by a "young idea" at the adjoining table. He had a glass of suspicious looking fluid before him, with a sheet of paper and a pencil. He was dressed in the present fashionable mode—that is to say—his coat was altogether too small to be buttoned, under which was no vest; and his nether extremities were cased in a pair of white checked pantaloons. His well curled hair was partly covered with a narrow brimmed white hat, and beside him lay an ebony switch, together with the latter end of a well smoked segar. He appeared to be absorbed in a world of his own creation, save when he descended for a moment, to a subluinary contemplation over the glass before him. He finally left the garden, poetically forgetful of payment for the said glass, and also of his switch and paper. I had been too interested an observer of his moments not to notice this oblivious movement, and so dexterously seized the switch and pocketed the MS. I send you a copy of the manuscript by way of advertisement, that the owner may know his property is in safe hands. If he should call on you, please give him my address, that he may recover his two lost articles. Yours truly, ☞

WHO IS IT?

The lovely girl I see at church—
The girl I see so often;
Gazing, my sterner thoughts will melt,
And all my feelings soften,
Steal a glance when prayer is done,
And when the rest are singing,
And then a look from her bright eye
To me its way is winging.

What though her hair is as the sun,
When sinking to his rest?
Is it not perfumed like a gale
From "Araby the blest?"
They say that when there's flame above,
There must be fire below.—
Her hair is red—then must her heart
With warmest ardor glow!

Her eyes are such a pair of rogues—
Two wells of heavenly blue!
That when they turn on me they thrill
My burning bosom through:
They never beam full on my face,
But then a look by stealth,
To my upspringing, answering soul,
Is worth a world of wealth!

The little dimple on her cheek,
Is worth far more to me,
Than all the dimples in the church
On other cheeks that be!
Her bosom's gentle heaving swell,
Wakes such a sigh in mine,
As quite distracts my thoughts from all
That's said by the divine.

That hair of sunset here is worn
In the Madonna style,
Combed from her blue-veined forehead up
Beneath her bonnet's pile.
Then there's the funniest little bow
Placed just above her ear—
'Tis like a resting butterfly,
So tasty and so queer.

Sweet one, if you should recognise
Yourself in what I've said,
Just frown upon me, and the next
You'll hear of me I'm dead!
But smile, and when it rains again
To church, my fair one, come
With no umbrella, and I'll swear
To see you safely home.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XXVII.

Analysis of Poetry.—Poetry is, as that most acute of human beings Aristotle said, more than two thousand years ago, imitation. It is an art analogous in many respects to the arts of painting, sculpture, and acting. The imitations of the painter, the sculptor, and the actor, are, indeed, within certain limits, more perfect than those of the poet. The machinery which the poet employs, consists merely of words; and words cannot, even when employed by such an artist as Homer and Dante, present to the mind images of visible objects quite so lively and exact as those which we carry away from looking on the works of the pencil and the chisel. But, on the other hand, the range of poetry is infinitely wider than that of all the other imitative arts together. The sculptor can imitate only form; the painter only form and colour; the actor, until the poet supplies him with words, only form, colour, and motion. Poetry holds the outer world in common with the other arts. The heart of man is the province of poetry, and of poetry alone. The painter, the sculptor, and the actor, when the actor is unassisted by the poet, can exhibit no more of human passion and character than that small portion which overflows into the gesture and the face—always an imperfect, often a deceitful sign—of that which is within. The deeper and more complex parts of human nature can be exhibited by means of words alone. Thus the objects of the imitation of poetry are the whole external, and the whole internal universe, the face of nature, the vicissitudes of fortune, man as he is in himself, man as he appears in society, all things of which we can form an image in our minds, by combining together parts of things which really exist. The domain of this imperial art is commensurate with the imaginative faculty.—*Mr. T. Macauley on the Poetry of Byron, in Edin. Rev.* 9. 13.

A German Dormitory.—Making for the little town of Tuln, that lay directly before us, in a kind of bay, we landed under the walls of a spacious building, the mutilated colossal statues of saints, prelates and monarchs, in front of which, bore testimony to its former grandeur; and groping our way through a narrow passage, emerged into the courtyard behind it, where stood the wretched *auberge*, in which our steersman informed us we must pass the night. To our great relief, however, a red-elbowed yellow-haired, blue-stockinged, round-about *madchen*, seizing a candle, and a huge bunch of keys, recrossed the court with us towards the great building, and opening a postern door, which Mrs. Radcliffe would have worshipped, led the way up a winding staircase into a long gallery, hung with paintings of martyrdoms, miracles, fusby virgins and chubby cherubs, fat abbots and fair nuns; and ushered us into a wilderness of a chamber, furnished with one table and sixteen beds! The astonishment of our guide must be imagined, when my companion requested yet another room. The idea of separate chambers never entering her head, she naturally enough supposed that sixteen beds would surely be sufficient for two persons. However, as there was no accounting for the whims of foreigners, and as no other travellers were likely to arrive, she found another apartment for my friend, containing nine beds, and with a stare of amazement I shall not speedily forget, after furnishing us with some coffee and another candle, left us to sleep in any or all of our twenty-five beds, as we might eventually determine. On mentioning this circumstance afterwards to a Viennese, I was assured, that had a larger company arrived, the remaining fifteen beds in my chamber would have been unceremoniously occupied by men or women, as it might have happened; for, as he remarked to me with the greatest coolness, "how would the poor people, who possess two or three good rooms, be otherwise enabled to accommodate forty or fifty persons of both sexes, as they are frequently called upon to do?"—*Planche's River Danube.*

The Saxon Language.—It is a matter of some singularity that so little of the Saxon language is known by our scholars, when on a strict examination we find that our poets and prose writers have used so many words derived from the Saxon. In Shakspeare, taking out the proper names, eight words out of nine are found to be of Saxon origin, as exemplified by several quotations taken promiscuously from the works of the great dramatist.—Milton, tried by the same rule, would give the proportion of six out of seven.—Johnson's works, as he coined Latin words, and used them freely, about five-sixths are Saxon. In our translation of the Bible, and the writings of Addison and Goldsmith, and other writers of simplicity and purity, the proportion of words of Saxon origin is still greater than in Shakspeare or Milton.—*Knapp's Lectures on American Literature.*

The Papal Guards.—I stood the other day on Monte Cavallo while the Papal Guards were drilled by a young officer, who took a world of pains, and gave the word of command with great vehemence of tone and gesture. At length his perseverance exhausted the patience of his men, one of whom, stepping forward from the ranks, thus questioned his commander:—"Ma quando finisce sta storia?" (When will this story be finished?) "Have a moment's patience my son!" replied his officer, "we shall soon be done." The soldier fell back into his place, the exercise proceeded for a few seconds, and the men were dismissed. On another occasion, I saw a soldier arrive and fall into the ranks when the drill was near over. "Why do you come so late, my son?" inquired the officer. "I have been hearing mass," replied the soldier. "Very well, my son," rejoined his commander, and proceeded to drill his men. In Rome, a soldier is styled "Signor Soldato" by the lower classes. The situation of a private in the Papal Guard is esteemed a desirable provision, and candidates for the appointment address petitions to the Pope.—"*Sketches of Italy*, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, 8. 29.

Singular Astrological Predictions.—As examples might be cited, the prognostication made by an astrologer to Henry the Second of France, that he should be slain in single combat, a thing so unlikely, that it became the jest of his whole court, but which was afterwards singularly verified, by his being accidentally killed at a tournament by Montgomery, captain of the Scottish guards. Also the prediction, by which the famous, or rather infamous Catherine de Medicis, was warned that St. Germain's should be the place of her death.—The Queen fully convinced of its truth, never from that moment set foot in town or palace which bore the fatal name; but in her last moments, her confessor, being absent, a priest was called to her assistance, by mere accident, whose name was St. Germains, and actually held her in his arms during the dying struggle.—*Darnley*, 1. 23.

Senes Decrepiti.—The comparison of human life to the burning and going out of a lamp, was familiar with Latin authors, as we know by the terms *senes decrepiti.* Plutarch explains the origin of this metaphor thus: The ancients never extinguished their lamps, but suffered them to go out of their own accord, that is by the last crackle; hence a lamp just about to expire was said—*decrepitare*, to cease to crackle. Hence, metaphorically, persons on the verge of the grave, were called *decrepid* men.

Philanthropy of Science.—Shah Abbas one day riding with the celebrated Meer Mahomed Bauker Damad on his right hand and the equally famed Shaikh Bahaudeen Aumilee on his left, desired to discover if there lurked any secret envy or jealousy in the breasts of those two learned priests. Turning to Meer Mahomed Bauker, whose horse was prancing and capering, he observed, 'What a dull brute Shaikh Bahaudeen is riding! he cannot make the animal keep pace with us.' 'The wonder is, how the horse moves at all,' said the Moollah, 'when we consider what a load of learning and knowledge he has upon his back.' Abbas, some time after, turned round to Shaikh Bahaudeen, and said to him, 'Did you ever see such a prancing animal as Mahomed Bauker rides? Surely that is not the style for a horse who carries a grave Moollah.' 'Your Majesty will, I am assured,' said the Shaikah, 'forgive the horse, when you reflect on the just right he has to be proud of his rider.' The Monarch bent his head forward on the saddle, and returned thanks to the Almighty for the singular blessing he had bestowed on his reign, of two wise and pious men, living at a court, and yet untainted by envy and hatred.—*Sir J. Malcom's Hist. of Persia.*

Curran.—His notions of industry were very ludicrous.—An hour to him was a day to another man; and in his natural capabilities his idleness found a powerful auxiliary. A single glance made him master of the subject; and though imagination could not supply him facts, still it very often became a successful substitute for authorities. He told me once in serious refutation of what he called the professional calumnies on this subject, that he was quite as laborious as was necessary for any Nisi Prius advocate to be. "For," said he, with the utmost simplicity, "I always perused my briefs carefully when I was concerned for the plaintiff, and it was not necessary to do it for the defendant, because you know I could pick up the facts from the opposite counsel's statement." This was what Curran considered being laborious; and to say the truth, it was but an industrious idleness.—*Phillips's Recollections of Curran.*

History.—The reader of history passes his judgment on its heroes, not so much from what they ought to have done in the circumstances in which they appear before him, as from what he concludes they might have done.—Among the various classes of readers, very few examine incidents with judgment; and most who have abilities for this, are oftentimes very unjust.—*Crebillon's "Tanzai and Neadarne."*

Origin of the French title of Dauphin.—The term Dauphin was first borne in 1120, by Guy, Prince of the Viennois, a country east of the Rhone; he assumed also a *dolphin*, as his crest, and changed the name of his territory to *Dauphine*, probably in order to perpetuate the remembrance of some military achievement. His succesor, Hubert, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, married Marie de Baux, a Princess of the Royal house of France, and by her had a son, who unfortunately fell into the river Isere, and was drowned. His wife dying soon after, he was thrown into the deepest melancholy, and at length, determined to retire from the world; but disliking the Duke of Savoy, who was presumptive heir to the principality, he assigned it to France, upon condition that the eldest son should bear the title of *Dauphin*; he then took the cowl, and died Archbishop of Rheims. The title was abolished in 1791, and that of Prince Royal substituted; but it was restored by Charles X., on his ascension.

Punishment of the Knout.—The place set apart for its infliction on criminals is that were cattle are sold. The instrument employed is fixed to a wooden handle one foot in length, to which are attached several thongs, extending two feet, and twisted together, which, after being laid in milk and water are dried in the sun, in order that they may operate more powerfully. To the end of these is fastened a single tough thong, one foot and a half in length, and capable of being changed by the executioner, when he finds it too weak, or softened or clotted with the blood of the miserable sufferer. There have formerly been instances of this terrible punishment being inflicted on persons of rank. In confirmation of this fact, it may be stated, that a lady distinguished for her beauty, accomplishments, and elegance, at one time, almost idolized, having being charged with being implicated in a conspiracy, was, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian character, brought out as a common felon, and after being rudely treated, was placed upon the scaffold. At the very first lash the skin was pealed from her neck to the very end of her back, and afterwards, as a refinement of barbarity, her tongue was cut, and she was hurried off to Siberia to end there the remainder of her days. Catherine also once exercised her vindictive disposition towards a young female whom she had turned off, whose chamber was invaded during her sleep, and an officer inflicted on her, upon the spot, this dreadful punishment.—*Wilson's Travels in Russia.*

Hindoo Observatory.—In the neighbourhood of Delhi there is a gigantic astronomical observatory, supposed to be a work of Hindoo Rajah Jey Sing, in the 17th century. There is a dial in very good repair, the gnomon of which is 60 feet high, of solid stone-masonry. These enormous instruments appear as though they had been manufactured by the Titans, in order to take an reconnoissance of the heavens before they commenced their siege of Olympus.—*Munly's Sketches.*

Longevity.—Died, at Grule, in the Isle of Sky, on the 2d of May, aged 108 years, John M'Pherson. He retained his faculties to the last. This aged person lost his hearing twice within the last twenty years, and afterwards regained it; he also lost his sight some years ago, and laterly, in a great measure, recovered it. He had the charge of a fold of black cattle in the memorable year of Prince Chairlie, of which era he used sometimes to speak with rapture.

MISCELLANY.

FLOWERS FOR MARY'S GARLAND.

I will not call thee fair, Mary,
Altho' thine eyes be bright,
Nor wreathe my spirit in thine hair,
Though it be dark as night;
I will not say thy song is sweet,
As breath of birds in May,
Or music is folded round thy feet,
Dear Mary Gray.

I will not hurry from the throng
To lean upon thy chair;
I hear the beauty of thy song,
I see that thou art fair:
Why need I pour my hymn around
The pillow of thy rest?
I think the bird of thy heart hath found
A greener nest!

I have no bloom of laughing youth
My offering to be;
I only bring my earnest truth,
My glowing heart to thee.
The wine of tears is in my cup—
Turn not thy face away—
Thy smile will make me drink it up,
Sweet Mary Gray!

Mirror.

From the Atlas.

KING BOY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

The reader will remember that Boy, the African ruler who rescued the Landers from their slavery on a promise of certain articles as a remuneration, was disappointed of his reward by the conduct of the English Captain, from whom it was sought, and the travellers placed in the most unpleasant predicament. We give the first scene of the affair. John Lander had been retained as a hostage, while Boy went with Richard to obtain the ransom. The first news the former received was the following letter from his brother:

"'*Brass River, November* 18*th*, 1830.

Dear John—You will be surprised to learn that I did not arrive here till this morning; when I came on board, I experienced a very cool reception from Lake, the master. He is apparently in the last stage of fever; but though in so alarming a state, he told me with an oath, after I had made my business known to him, that he would not give a —— flint for any government bill whatever; as for King Boy, he swore that he would rather send to the —— than give him any thing. You may guess my emotion on this intelligence; I knew not what to say or do. I wished to return to Brass with King Boy, and proposed his taking us to Bonny, where I told him that I had no doubt we should be more kindly received; but Boy answered, that if Lake, who is in his own river, refuse to pay him, how could he expect to be paid in a strange country? Therefore he would not take me from the vessel. In this dilemma I remonstrated earnestly with Lake, who has at length agreed to tamper with Boy, and promises to enter into an arrangement with him for the payment of the debt, as soon as he shall have brought you and the people in safety to the vessel, but not till then. Poor Boy looked sullen and disconcerted at this proposal, though he has agreed to act as desired. My dear brother, I have little news from England, because the captain's manners are uncivil and repulsive, and I do not like to weary him with superfluous questions in the present irritable state of his feelings; I can only learn, and I tell you of it with deep sorrow, that our good King George is dead. I herewith send you a piece of beef and a bottle of rum, which have cost me much pains to procure, but I know how greatly all of you stood in need of something, and therefore I have sacrificed my feelings to necessity. I am sorry that I cannot fulfil my promise of sending you wearing apparel; a couple of shirts, which belonged to a seaman who died lately, is all that I can get. I suppose you will leave Brass town to-morrow evening; in that case you will be with me on Saturday, and it is needless to say I shall wait your arrival here with impatience. Lake is extremely peevish and ill-tempered; but, as I have already told you, he is alarmingly ill, and therefore every allowance is to be made for him of course. His mate and a great part of his crew have died of fever, and the others (except two) are either down with the same disorder, or slowly recovering from the effects of it.

I am, &c. &c.—R. Lander.'

Nothing could exceed my regret and consternation on the perusal of this letter; and somehow, I almost dreaded to meet with King Boy. Well knowing how much it would influence his behaviour towards us, we had been careful to represent to that individual the thanks and cheering which he would receive from our countrymen the moment he should take us on board the English brig; that he would be favoured and caressed beyond measure, and receive plenty of beef, bread, and rum. His face used to shine with delight on anticipating so luxurious a treat; and he had uniformly been in a better humour after listening to these promises of ours than any thing else could have made him. The contrast between his actual reception on board the *Thomas*, to that which his own fancy and our repeated assurances had taught him to expect, was too dreadful to think on even a moment; and for this reason as much as any other, I looked forward with something of apprehension and anxiety to an interview with this savage; because I knew, that after the cutting disappointment which he had experienced, he would be under the influence of strongly-excited feelings and stormy passions, over which he exercised no control. I was convinced too, that the whole weight of his resentment, and the fury of his rage, would fall upon me, for I am completely in his power.

The interesting moment at length arrived. We heard King Boy quarrelling with his women, and afterward walking through their apartments towards ours, muttering as he went along. He entered it, and stood still. I was reposing, as I usually do for the greater part of the day, upon a mat which is placed on the seat of wet clay; but on perceiving him, I lifted my head without arising, and reclined it on my hand. He looked fixedly upon me, and I returned his glance with the same unshrinking steadfastness. But his dark eye was flashing with anger; while his upturned lip, which exposed his white teeth, quivered with passion. No face in the world could convey more forcibly to the mind the feeling of contempt and bitter scorn, than the distorted one before me. It was deadfully expressive. Drawing up the left corner of his mouth on a parallel with his eyes, he broke silence with a sneering, long-drawn 'Eh!' and, almost choked with rage, he cursed me; and in a tone and manner which it is infinitely out of my power to describe, he spoke to the following effect:—'You are thief man; English captain no will! You assured me, when I took you from Eboe country, that he would be overjoyed to see me, and give me plenty of beef and rum; I received from him neither one nor the other. Eh! English captain no will. I gave a quantity of goods to free you from the slavery of Obie; I took you into my own canoe; you were hungry, and I gave you yam and fish; you were almost naked; I was sorry to see you so, because you were white men and strangers; and I gave each of you a red cap and a silk handkerchief. But you are no good—you are thief man. Eh! English captain no will; he no will. You also told me that your countrymen would do this (taking off his cap and flourishing it in circles over his head), and cry hurra, hurra, on receiving me on board their vessel; you promised my wife a necklace, and my father four bars. But, Eh! English captain no will; yes, I will satisfy your hunger with plenty more of my fish and yams; and your thirst will I quench with rum and palmwine. Eh! you thief man, you are no good; English captain no will!' He then stamped on the ground, and gnashing at me with his teeth like a dog, he cursed me again and again.

It is true, I did not feel perfectly easy at this severe rebuke, and under such taunting reproaches; but I refrained from giving utterance to a single thought till after he had concluded his abuse and anathematizing. Had a spirited person been in my situation, he might have knocked him down, and might have had his head taken off for his pains; but as for me, all such kind of spirit is gone out of me entirely. Besides, we had unintentionally deceived King Boy, and I also bore in mind the kindness which he had done us in ransoming us from a state of slavery. Most of what he had asserted was most unquestionably true; and in some measure I was deserving his severest reprehension and displeasure.

The fury of Boy having been somewhat appeased by my silence and submission, as well as by his own extraordinary and violent agitation, I ventured mildly to assure him, on the strength of my brother's letter, that his suspicions were entirely groundless; that Mr. Lake had certainly a *will* or inclination to enter into arrangements with him for the payment of his just demands; and that when he should convey our people and myself to the Thomas, every thing would be settled to his complete satisfaction. He half believed, half mistrusted my words; and shortly afterward quitted the apartment, threatening, however, that we should not leave Brass till it suited his own pleasure and convenience.

It is really a most humiliating reflection, that we are reduced to the contemptible subterfuges of deceit and falsehood, in order to carry a point which might so easily have been gained by straight forward integrity. But Lake's conduct has left us no alternative; and whatever my opinion of that individual may be, he must surely be destitute of all the manly characteristics of a British seaman, as well as of the more generous feelings of our common nature, to be guilty, on a sick bed, of an action which might, for aught he knew or cared, produce the most serious consequences to his unfortunate countrymen in a savage land, by exposing them to the wretchedness of want and the miseries of slavery;—to mockery, ill-usage, contempt, and scorn; and even to death itself."

On the arrival of the brothers in England, orders were sent out to have Boy paid the promised sum.

KISSING AND SAILORS' RIGHTS.

A new remedy for *impressment* has been discovered by the Irish girls, which we hasten to make known through the columns of the Atlas—trusting that means so pacific and effectual may henceforth take precedence of all doubtful hostilities for securing this important end. We receive the account via Australia, but the scenes are laid at a less remote point, and names and localities may enable one to verify the story if it should be doubted.—*Atlas.*

"Halifax is a charming, hospitable place. Its name is associated with so many pleasing recollections, that it never fails to extort another glass from the bottle which, having been gagged, was going to pass the night in the cellaret. But only say 'Halifax!' and it is like 'open sesame!'—out flies the cork, and down goes a bumper to the 'health of all good lasses!' I related, in the last chapter, an adventure with an Irish Guineaman, whose cargo my right honourable captain converted to the profitable uses of himself and his country. Another of these vessels had been fallen in with by some of our cruizers, and the commander of his Majesty's sloop, the *Humming-bird*, made a selection of some thirty or forty stout Hibernians to fill up his own complement, and hand over the surplus to the Admiral. Short-sighted mortals we all are, and captains of men-of-war are not exempted from human imperfection! How much, also, drops between the cup and the lip! There chanced to be on board of the same trader two very pretty Irish girls of the better sort of bourgeoise; they were going to join their friends at Philadelphia. The name of the one was Judy, and of the other Maria. No sooner were the poor Irishmen informed of their change of destination, than they set up a howl loud enough to make the scaly monsters of the deep seek their dark caverns. They rent the hearts of the kind hearted girls; and when the thorough basts of the males was joined by the sopranos and trebles of the women and children, it would have made Orpheus himself turn round and gaze. 'Oh, Miss Judy! Oh, Miss Maria! would you be so cruel as to see us poor craturs dragged away to a man-of-war, and not for to go and spake a word for us? A word to the captain wid your own pretty mouths, no doubt he would let us off' The young ladies, though doubting the powers of their own fascinations, resolved to make the experiment. So begging the Lieutenant of the sloop to give them a passage on board to speak with his Captain, they added a small matter of finery to their dress, and skipped into the boat like a couple of mountain kids, caring neither for the exposure of themselves nor the spray of the salt water, which, though it took the curls out of their hair, added a bloom to their cheeks, which, perhaps, contributed in no small degree to the success of their project. There is something in the sight of a petticoat at sea that never fails to put a man into a good humour, provided he be rightly constructed.—When they got on board the *Humming-bird*, they were received by the Captain. 'And pray, young ladies,' said he, 'what may have procured me the honour of this visit?' 'It was to beg a favor of your honor,' said Judy. 'And his honor will grant it too,' said Maria; 'for I like the look of him.' Flattered by this little shot of Maria's, the Captain said that nothing ever gave him more pleasure than to oblige the ladies; and if the favour they intended to ask was not utterly incompatible with his duty, that he would grant it. 'Well, then,' said Judy, 'will your honor give me back Pat Flannagan, that you have pressed just now?' The Captain shook his head. 'He's no sailor, your honor; but a poor bog-trotter; and he will never do you any good.' The Captain again shook his head. 'Ask me any thing else,' said he, 'and I will give it you.' 'Well, then' said Maria, 'give us Felim O'Shaughnessy?' The Captain was equally inflexible. 'Come, come, your honour,' said Judy, 'we must not stand upon trifles, now-a-days. I'll give you a kiss, if you'll give me Pat Flannagan.' 'And I another,' said Maria, 'for Felim.' The Captain had one seated on each side of him; his head turned like a dog-vane in a gale of wind; he did not know which to begin with; the most ineffable good humour danced in his eyes, and the ladies saw at once that the day was their own. Such is the power of beauty, that this lord of the ocean was fain to strike to it. Judy laid a kiss on his right cheek; Maria matched it on his left; the Captain was the happiest of mortals. 'Well, then,' said he, 'you have your wish; take your two men, for I am in a hurry to make sail.' 'Is it sail ye are after making; and do ye mane to take all these pretty craturs away wid ye?' 'No, faith, another kiss, *and another man.*' I am not going to relate how many kisses these lovely girls bestowed on this envied Captain. If such are Captains' perquisites, who would not be a Captain? Suffice it to say, they released the whole of their countrymen, and returned on board in triumph. The Lord Chancellor used to say, he always laughed at the settlement of pin-money, as ladies were generally either kicked out of it, or kissed out of it; but his Lordship, in the whole course of his legal practice, never saw a Captain of a man-of-war kissed out of forty men by two pretty Irish girls. After this, who would not shout 'Erin go bragh!'"

HISTORY, PRESENT WRONGS, AND CLAIMS OF POLAND.

(*Continued.*)

Common sense, as well as common justice seemed to have deserted Poland. The functions of the diet were at an end; for now was commenced a practice of introducing angry questions, for the avowed purpose of preventing all transaction of business.

Such proceedings were a natural prelude to the exercise of the *liberum veto*, which followed (1652) in the next reign. From the moment this absurd practice was introduced, by which all legislative, and much of the executive power was at the mercy of any individual nuncio, there was an end of all real government in Poland; she reeled on, drunken and desperate,—a prey to the factious passions of her nobles, and to the devastating attacks of her foreign and domestic enemies. Uladislas was succeeded by his brother, the weak and bigoted John Casimir; who, yielding to the Tartars, the Cossacks, the Turks, the Russians, and the Swedes, fled from his throne and his country; while Charles Gustavus of Sweden ruled over his conquered dominions from Courland to the Carpathians.

Thus then Poland for the first time lay prostrate in the dust; but her energies were not yet exhausted. John Casimir recovered from his panic; his nobles rallied around him; the invaders were expelled; and the greater portion of the territories of Poland restored by the peace of Oliva. It was at this time that Russia seized her first Polish prize, by securing the country she had conquered to the east of the Dwina. Still many rich provinces were irrecoverably lost to the republic; and scarcely an evil can be named that did not now afflict this devoted land. Foreign invasions, a servile war, civil strife, religious discord, triumphant Jesuits, a mutinous soldiery, a penniless treasury, and an annihilated government, presented an aspect so desperate, that the unhappy king, who had in an evil moment of ambition exchanged his cardinal's hat for a crown, now exchanged that crown for a monk's cowl, in a convent in France.

The election of his successor, Michael Koributh, was carried by the nobles in sheer derision of the kingly office. The wretched half-witted youth, on hearing his own name pass in shouts from palatinate to palatinate, fled from the field of election in dismay. But the nobles dragged him back, and when he besought them with tears in his eyes to save him from their crown of thorns, they exclaimed, with sarcastic deference, 'Most serene king, you *shall* reign!' It is needless to add that a reign thus commenced was one continued scene of anarchy. And yet the warlike genius of Poland was inextinguishable; for during this convulsed period, John Sobieski, at the head of a handful of men, kept in check the undivided powers of the Turkish empire, and accomplished that campaign which Europe, though accustomed to the exploits of Turenne and of Conde, with universal applause denominated 'the miraculous.' Two years later, when the miserable king was expiring at Lembourg from the effects of a gluttonous debauch, Sobieski, with an army scarcely equalling the number of the slain, left 40,000 Mussulmen dead on the once more renowned plains of Kotzim.

This victory won him the crown; for the king having died on the eve of the battle, and the French and the Austrian factions being nearly balanced, a palatine who harangued upon the benefits to be expected from a native king, was gladly heard; and the cry of 'a Piast, a Piast, and God bless Poland,' arose from the thronged plain, and was re-echoed by that of 'Sobieski, Sobieski, for ever.' Thus the conqueror of the Turks became John the Third of Poland. His victories yet live in the memory, though not in the gratitude, of Europe. Every schoolboy knows that John Sobieski and his Poles delivered Vienna when the emperor Leopold fled in dismay from its walls, then battered and surrounded by 300,000 of the flower of Turkey; knows that in 1683 he charged and routed, and utterly destroyed this locust host, and that from that day forth the crescent grew pale; but that Maria Theresa, when within less than ninety years she seized upon Gallicia, forgot it was from the capital of that very province that Sobieski issued forth to the salvation of her empire. But glorious soldier as he was, like many of that class, Sobieski was only a soldier: he could subdue the Turks, and make Poland admired by foreign states; but her internal maladies were beyond his cure; and after making some few ineffectual attempts at reformation of abuses, and other equally vain efforts at securing a succession in his own family, the warrior king retired to literary and philosophical pursuits;—not a little interrupted by that wife, by whom, though we find him ever addressing her in his letters as 'Seule joie de mon ame, charmante et bien aimee Mariette,' it is more than probable he was poisoned. Zaluski found him writhing in agony, and sobbing as he expired, 'is there no one to avenge my death?'

We now approach to the last stage of Poland's degradation. The anarchy, the oppression, the misgovernment, the religious persecutions, and foreign invasions, suffered under the Vasas, though afflicting and ruinous, were relieved by bright traits of valour, patriotism, and martial glory. Now all was to be sunk in one absorbing mass of weak, frivolous, and corrupted decrepitude. Poland died with John Sobieski. We hurry through the disgraceful era of the two Saxon princes. Their introduction to the republic was ushered in by the outrageous presence of a Saxon force to overawe the already venal elections. A Saxon force also was retained at Warsaw for the support of the first king, who was not the less expelled from his kingdom by the eagle flight of Charles XII. But Pultowa restored Frederick Augustus, and gave the first opening to Russian influence and domination in Poland. The Saxon princes leagued with Russia against the liberties of their adopted country. The parties to this league had diverse views, and far different means; the one, a king who exchanged his finest regiment of dragoons for twelve China vases, sought by narrow court intrigues, by corruption and other vulgar expedients, to cheat the Poles,—not of theirense, but of their liberties, and to substitute a common-place despotism; the other, an emperor who, to

acquire information, had laboured in foreign lands as a common artisan, now aimed with an indefinite ambition at that commanding influence in the councils of his falling neighbour which he might turn at some future day to the profit of Russia. In the sequel, the king corrupted his subjects without adding to his own authority; while the czar acquired an ascendancy in Courland and a prescriptive footing in Poland. This influence was greatly increased at the succeeding election, when a Muscovite army, in opposition to the Poles, who had duly elected Stanislas Leczynski, placed Frederick Augustus II. on the throne, at the point of the bayonet. Under this weak king, and his corrupt and luxurious minister, Bruhl, Poland became little more than the humble dependant of Russia. As the one country descended, so did the other mount in the scale of political importance; and they were signs of evil augury for Poland, when her two rising neighbours, the Elector of Brandenberg on the one flank, and the Czar of Muscovy on the other, assumed their titles of King of Prussia, and Emperor of all the Russias, from territories yet subject to the republic.

Peter the Great did much for Russia, but he also left much undone: he valued mechanical, military, and constructive arts, and he therefore introduced them into his country; but that which he neither valued nor understood—morals, manners, justice, and a respect for the rights of others,—he left as degraded and perverted as he found them. It has been the misfortune of Russia, and the punishment of her neighbours, that she has become powerful and corrupted without being civilized; and thus the death of Peter was followed by a series of barbarian revolutions, which, for a while, checked the progress of Russian ambition. The wife of a Livonian common soldier became the servant of a Swedish clergyman, whose service she left to follow the camp, where she reached the bed of a Russian general; from whence she ascended to that of Peter the Great, and, having become his wife, she was at his death declared Regent of Russia. That Russian general, who so robbed this Regent to his Emperor, rose from the rank of buffoon in the guards' barracks to be the favourite of his Czar, and to become his first general and his greatest subject. Such were Catherine and Menzikof; and such have been many others who have directed the councils of Russia. From the lowest dust to the highest pinnacle, and from thence to Siberia or the wheel, are, in Russia, transitions as sudden as those of her climate. Menzikof, on the point of a double alliance with the imperial family, and with one foot on the steps of the ducal throne of Courland, was hurried by the Dolgrouckis to the farthest wilds of Siberia; there to subsist by the labour of those two children whom another week would have placed in imperial sheets. The same fate overtook the Dolgrouckis; for one dark night hurled them from the palace to the dungeon; from whence, after groaning in utter solitude,—the father and uncle, the son and the nephew,—all ignorant of each other's fate and existence,—who eleven years before had parted in the palace, were brought forth to meet for the first and last time at the scaffold and the rack. The paramour of Anne, the low-born Biren, too, who sent them there, and who in nine years put to death more than as many thousand persons, after being proclaimed Duke of Courland by those very nobles who formerly had refused to enrol him amongst their number, was sent to languish in a Siberian cell, the plan of which had been designed by his successful rival, Munich; whom a fourth revolution, which placed Elizabeth on the slippery throne, sent to occupy that very prison he had so maliciously built for his rival.*

The death of Elizabeth in 1672 was rapidly followed by a fifth revolution. Catharine of Anhalt Zerlst, all of beauty and intelligence, had been married at fourteen to her half-witted kinsman, Peter, the acknowledged heir of Russia. There were no fruits from this ill-asserted marriage, until Elizabeth compelled Catharine to receive a lover in the person of Count Soltikoff.† The presumptive consequence was the birth of the late Emperor Paul, the source of the present imperial house. However unwillingly Catharine may have taken this first step in vice, she from that time gave way to a license that, even in Russia, introduced disunion between herself and her husband. Amongst others Poniatowski became her acknowledged lover, at the recommendation and by the advice of our ambassador, Sir Hanbury Williams, to whom the future king of Poland was then Secretary. Intrigues removed Poniatowski from St. Petersburgh; when Catherine in despair gave herself up to seclusion, and a fresh lover—Orloff, whose brothers were common soldiers in the Guards. In this retirement, the schemes of her future elevation were laid and matured. Elizabeth died. The half-witted zeal, the mock heroism, and the barbarian profligacy of Peter III. paved the way for a revolution. One or two regiments only were gained over by the Orloffs when the conspiracy was on the point of being discovered. The younger Orloff posted off, in the middle of the same night, to the bed side of Catharine, who was sleeping at Peterhoff, some distance from St. Petersburgh. She awoke to hear him say, "Time presses,—you are wanted in St. Petersburgh." She hurried on a few clothes, and hastened, with her maid only, to a hired carriage which her lover, the other Orloff, had brought for her. On the road they met Michel, her French coiffeur, whom she persuaded to accompany her; and thus attended by her maid, her lover, and a barber, and with a common soldier for her guide, she entered Petersburgh, to overturn the throne of the absolute Czar of millions. Some notion may be formed of the state of Russia, when we remember that this flagrant adultress, thus attended, became, in four-and-twenty hours, the acknowledged Empress of all the Russias; and that in less than a week her wretched husband was strangled by the Orloffs; and so little concealment of this atrocity affected, that the dead body of the Emperor, with its wrenched and wounded neck, and the head livid from suffocation, was left bare to the public gaze. This rapid view of cotemporary Russia, may silence those who cite the disorganized state of Poland as palliating the interference of her far less civilized neighbour.

But the vigour of Catherine quickly subdued all internal dissentions in Russia; and left her free to realize those ambitious desires with which Peter the Great had imbued the Russian court, and which forty years of revolutions had only delayed. During the long reign of the apathetic Augustus, luxury and extravagance had made sad inroads on the public spirit and virtues of the Poles. But the dangers and distresses of their country aroused many, and bade them pause in their career. A patriotic band had followed the fortunes of Stanislas Leczynski to France; and at the courts of Nancy and Versailles, had profited by the growing spirit of liberality, and by the knowledge of sound government, which was to be gathered from the lips and writings of Montesquieu and his disciples. They were now returned, and zealous to confer on their native country the benefit of the lessons they had learnt. The distinguished family of the Czartoryski was amongst the foremost of those who thus sought to reform and assimilate the government of Poland to the socially and politically changed state of Europe. Another knot of reformers, under the Potocki and Radzivils, desired a return to what they called the good old days and customs of the republic. These affected a rudeness of manner, and a contemptuous opinion of foreign powers; while the others sought for support from France, and only when disappointed by that power, turned their views towards Russia. The one party sighed for an aristocratic republic, and the other for a constitutional monarchy; the one opposed, the other supported, the king. As usual, there was a middle party, composed of many excellent persons,—such as Branicki, Mokronowski and others; who threw away the weight their characters and influence afforded them by a vain attempt at reconciling impossibilities. Had these parties, instead of jealousy thwarting each other, joined together, with one heart and one hand, Poland might have been saved. But they would not; and Russia with an insidious policy, played them off one against another; and successively patronized and ruined each, as they served or thwarted her views; while they in the pride of the higher attainments and civilization of their own country, forgot the overwhelming force of their ambitious ally.

As the health of Frederick Augustus declined, the clouds gathered thick over Poland. Russian troops approached Warsaw: the wretched king and his ministers fled to Dresden, never to return. They died there within a day of one another. The election of Poniatowski was carried by force of arms. The freedom of election enjoyed by Poland may be gathered from Catherine's letter to Poniatowski, in which she says, 'I send Keyserling to Warsaw to make either you or Adam Czartoryski king.'

The diet of convocation was appointed; 10,000 Russians surrounded Warsaw, while 40,000 Prussians supported them on the frontiers. It was in vain that Mokronowski endeavored to break up the diet, by making a last redeeming use of the *veto* at the peril of his life. There were no sufficient means of resistance within; and the election was forced from some 4000 nobles on the plain, where formerly twenty times that number had assembled. Where were the others, and their tens of thousands of followers;—why were they not in arms? Alas, faction, and misrule, and corruption, divided the nation, which was no longer what it had been; besides, Catherine had lured the powerful family of the Czartoryskis into an acquiescence with Poniatowski's election, by holding out to them the hopes of supporting their cherished reforms in the state. And in fact, on the accession of Poniatowski they carried many admirable laws for the diminution of the power of the magnates, for strengthening the authority of the crown, and for the relief of the unhappy serfs.

Poniatowski was recognized by the courts of Europe: Branicki, Mokronowski and others, who had been driven from their country by the Russians, returned and gave in their submission to the king. But unfortunately this king, so desired by his uncles the Czartoryskis, and so opposed by his brother-in-law Branicki, was totally unfit for his office. Had Adam Czartoryski, or even Oginski, mounted the throne, the difficult task of Polish regeneration might have been effected; but with the vapid, frivolous, false, and conceited Poniatowski, there was no hope. It is only wonderful that with such enemies without, and with such inefficient supporters and bitter opponents within, the Czartoryskis should have carried so many beneficial measures. It is improbable that Catharine was deceived as to the object of these reforms: it is certain that Frederick of Prussia was not. Both these personages were resolved to prevent the re-establishment of order in Poland, and accordingly when the Czartoryskis, flushed with success, went on to propose the abolition of the *liberum veto*, the Machiavelian policy of Russia and Prussia interfered, and forbade the proceeding. Russia supported this prohibition by a reinforcement of 40,000 men while Prussia strengthened her army on the frontiers: and thus were now leagued against Poland these two powerful military states. The Czartoryskis were flung aside: for their opponents the Radzivils and Potockis, with a full knowledge of the late iniquities of Russia, yet with blind and factious hate, joined with her in the fatal confederation of Radom; by which, while the one party sought to depose the king and recover their abrogated privileges, the other desired to increase the civil and religious discord of the country; and both joined in a determination to rescind all the late reforms. The Poles were not yet thus far subdued: the diet refused to sanction the dictatorial terms of Russia. More Russian troops poured into the country. Warsaw was in their hands; and Repnin, the Russian ambassador, finding some vigor left in the Polish councils, seized, with the connivance of the dastardly king, Soltik, the patriotic Prince Archbishop of Cracow, and three other senators. They were hurried to Siberia; and when the diet remonstrated, he haughtily replied, 'that he was accountable to no one for his deeds but to his sovereign;' though he would condescend so far as to say that their senators were exiled to Siberia, for presuming to doubt the purity of the Empress's intentions towards Poland;—adding significantly, that the next step would be, should resistance continue, to give up Warsaw to pillage, and to execute every opposing nuncio.

After such declarations and such outrages, there remained only one means of redress. Partial risings of the nobles and of the people were constantly occurring, but they were without unity and without support; while the Russians, well-armed and well supplied, defended by a numerous artillery, occupying all the fortresses and magazines of the country, with their energies directed to one point, and under one command, were able, though not without partial defeats, to prevent any general organization of resistance. The indefatigable Bishop of Kaminiec sought to rouse the southern courts of Europe to a just view of the proceedings of Russia; but unhappily the zeal of the Polish patriots broke forth before the able plans and negotiations of the Bishop were matured,—if indeed they ever would have succeeded. But the confederates of Bar nobly stood up for their country. The ill-directed aid of the Turks and Tartars was of small avail: no other European state moved a soldier. Austria was negotiating—France was under the reign of Du Barry; and England, under Lord North, having commenced her Tory policy, lent her ports and her sailors for the fitting out of that Russian fleet, which, under an English Admiral, utterly destroyed at Tchesme the navy of Poland's only ally; and laid bare both Poland and Turkey (our so called ancient ally) to the spoliations of Russia. Still, though thus unequally matched, Polish valour did not derogate from its ancient renown. The names of the Pulawski will live as long as are cherished the records of an heroic devotion to a falling cause, through evil and through good report; through difficulties and through dangers; and through that most trying of all opposition, the envy, the weakness, and contempt of high-born but vulgar-minded associates. The magnates of Poland had been corrupted by inordinate possessions, by inordinate power, and inordinate luxury. It would be invidious to particularize. All suffered severely; and many, either by themselves or by their sons, have redeemed the errors of that mean and fatal jealousy. Russia poured in more troops; the whole face of Poland was covered with contention and blood. Catherine, not content with the barbarities of her own soldiers, called in the aid of the Zaporavians—a horde of savages dwelling on the banks and islands of the Borysthenes. The southern palatinates of Poland ever maintained troops to keep off their incursions; but these were now engaged in the defence of the northern provinces; and Catherine seized the opportunity for procuring an irruption of those barbarians who to the amount of 50,000, rushed through Podolia and Volhynia.

The following picture of their matchless atrocious is from the pen of Rulhiere:—'Vieillards, femmes, enfants, gentilshommes, valets, moines, artisans, Juifs, et Lutheriens, tout fut massacré,' &c. &c. The city of Humany alone afforded a refuge. Thither all who could escape directed their helpless steps. Will it be believed, that the Russian officers, in concert with these barbarians, and the Cossacks, devised a perfidious plot, by which some of their party, under the mask of asking for food, gained admittance into this city, where they massacred every soul they could lay their hands upon? 16,000 defenceless men, women and children, strewed the ground.

* * *

These were some of the many enormities by which Russia sought to subjugate the Poles. We spare our readers any further examples; and, indeed we would not have quoted these, had not the late Russian conduct towards the Poles provoked our recollections. But in spite of all her exertions of every shade and sort of atrocity, the resistance of the Poles increased; and their forces sprung up as if from defeat itself. Pulawski carried the important fortress of Czentokow, which served as a basis for his operations; the persevering Bishop of Kaminiec at length roused the attention of Europe; succour arrived from France under Dumourez, and more was promised; the English assistance was withdrawn from the Russian fleet; and the confederations, so often defeated, still arose again and again to renew the fight. Distress, and common danger and common services, had softened many jealousies; and the affairs of Poland seemed less desperate. But then, as before, and since, Poland's evil destiny prevailed. Her very success prepared her ruin; for Catherine, perceiving that she might not succeed single-handed, unwillingly resigned her ambitious views of entire immediate conquest for the petty larceny scheme of partition. The lynx-eyed sagacity of Frederick of Prussia had long foreseen, indeed had long prepared, this event. He won over the unwilling compliance of Austria with the large bribe of the whole kingdom of Gallicia; and the saintly Maria Theresa, who had hitherto allowed herself to designate Catherine by no other distinction than that of 'cette femme,' was now compelled, by the levelling fellowship of common guilt, to treat most intimately with 'that woman,' the Empress of Russia.

It was impossible for the Poles to hold out against this first Holy Alliance. The trifling aid from France came too late; all was lost, save honour. The three spoilers, having arranged their several shares of the booty, proceeded to seize on them; while, with a perversion of language worthy of their perversion of justice, they publicly denounced as robbers those Poles who had the hardihood and patriotism to defend their possessions and their country.

It is difficult to reclaim a thief. The ambitious cupidity of the partitioning powers, once well fed, soon longed for a second repast. Their ambassadors acted at Warsaw as pro-consuls, and their troops never quitted the country; but in spite of their presence, and of every kind of oppression, the seeds of liberal knowledge, which had been fostered and partly sown by the patriots of the Czartoryski school, took root, and produced the Constitution of the 3d of May, 1791. The establishment of a rational system of freedom for all classes in Poland was seized on as a pretext for fresh spoliations. True, there was nothing contrary to treaties,—nothing anarchial,—nothing jacobinical,—nothing of a fraternizing character, in this Constitution; which, indeed, was so moderate, and so fair favored, as to gain the free and unqualified praise of Frederick William of Prussia; who had the year before cemented his connexion with Poland by a treaty in which he pledged himself to make common cause with her against any foreign interference whatever. But this treaty, and this approbation, were written in sand; for when Russia invaded Poland the next year in order to suppress this so praised Constitution, the Prussian King, forgetful of the precepts of St. Lewis, declared, when called upon to fulfil his treaty, that it was dissolved by the new Constitution, of which he had never approved. He preferred Dantzic and Thorn, with the rich palatinate of Posen, to the barren culture of faith and truth. Prussia accordingly leagued with Russia; and both made use of that same selfish Tory school of magnates, who, so unwilling to part with their usurped privileges, brought on the first partition, by their factious confederation of Radom; and now perfected the ruin of their country by the more infamous confederation of Targowitz. The spoilers had the benefit of experience and of present possession; and the work of robbery was therefore the more rapid and extensive. One half of Poland was forfeited as a preservative from the contagion of the French principles of that Constitution of the 3d of May, which had exchanged an elective for an hereditary monarchy; and which met with the unbounded praise of Mr. Burke, then in the full tide of his rage against French doctrines. The Poles, considering that right and wrong were not measured by parallels of latitude, again had the presumption to defend the integrity of their country; and again became, in the proclamations of the partitioning powers, jacobins, rebels, and *brigands*. That is, the Poles on the Dwina and the Vistula were *brigands* for resisting that which the French on the Rhine and the Moselle were jacobins and *brigands* for doing. Could the intervening space have been absorbed, it would have been a nice question of political casuistry, to have decided which were then the jacobins and *brigands*. The weakest, we presume. The contest was unequal. No bolt fell from heaven; but a hot retribution was deferred to the arms of Napoleon. It was in vain that valor and devotion strove to the last. The memory of the glorious resistance of Kosciusko will live forever; so also should that of the brutality of the Russian government, which finding this wounded defender of his country bleeding on the field of battle, hurried him and his patriotic comrade, Niemcewitz, to a dungeon in St. Petersburgh, where they lingered till Catherine the *Great* died.

The jacobinal resistance of the Poles to the conservative dismemberment of their country, was declared to be so tempting to the spread of French principles, that the partitioning courts, in the plenitude of their power, could find no remedy but in utter destruction. Accordingly, the corrective medicine was again applied; armies advanced; Suwarrow commanded them. Property was destroyed, families ruined, separated, banished, and branded; blood poured out like water; and the scene closed with the fall of Warsaw and of

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* We cannot avoid recalling the following very characteristic trait of Russian obedience which illustrated this revolution:—A prince Golofkine, and his wife, were banished to a spot within the Polar circle, and there shut up in one chamber. Grief and the miseries they endured shortly destroyed the unfortunate princess, she died; and the body having lain four days before the eyes of the wretched husband, he at length persuaded himself to part with it, and begged it might be removed for burial. The Russian grandee replied to this request, that their orders were to suffer none to enter or go out of that prison chamber; and this dead body was thus left as the putrifying companion of the husband till the return of the courier who had been sent for orders to St. Petersburgh—a distance of two thousand leagues. [†]

† The profligacy of the Russian court will little surprise those who remember, that the four women, Anne, Elizabeth, and the two Catherines, who for a century ruled Russia, lived in the open and shameless commission of promiscuous adultery.

Poland. Nine thousand Poles lay dead on the field of battle before Warsaw. The city was captured; and then, when all was over, the inhabitants of Praga and the suburbs were, in cold blood, given up to plunder and to murder, in order that the Russians, as Suwarrow said, might be glutted, and Warsaw saved! 'Twenty thousand perished around the walls; and thirty thousand more were driven out to thread their way to the frontiers through the ordeal of Russian bayonets. Suwarrow, we need not characterize him, then granted an amnesty,—the amnesty of the dead, which Catharine annulled; for her greedy nobles would not be defrauded of their share of the plunder. The work of exile and confiscation was therefore renewed, in order that, as Russia had seized on the dominions of Poland, her sons might seize on the property of the Poles.

We will not dwell on the revolting details of individual persecution, plunder, exile, and death. It is sufficient to say, that Russia cemented her first partition by the tender mercies of Derwitz; and the second and third by Suwarrow. Then, with her country's hands red with a nation's blood, Catherine, with a blasphemy peculiar to Russia, ordered 'a solemn thanksgiving to God in all the churches for the blessings conferred upon the Poles.' Thus closed this deed of treachery, tyranny, and blood,—begun, continued, and perfected by Catherine,—a woman whose private deeds sullied the sex she disgraced, and whose public acts have been said by traitors to monarchy, to honour the rank to which she belonged. Let those who are so eloquent in their denunciations on French usurpation and French breaches of faith, study the conduct of Russia and Prussia during the long tragedy of Poland's fall; and if they are blessed with even a moderate share of understanding and candour, they will confess that the imitators fell infinitely short of their great northern originals. (*To be continued.*)

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, JULY 21, 1832.

COURT OF NUNKUS PUNKUS.

John Growdy vs. Thomas Crowdy.

Is not the winding up of witnesses
And nicking more than half the business?
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast, too slow;
And where in conscience they're strait lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
Do not your juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And as they please, make matter o' fact
Run all on one side, as they're packt.

Hudibras.

The case before us was one of *Trespass*, wherein damages were claimed, to the amount of thirteen shillings and sixpence, for tapping two musk-mellons, the property of John Growdy the plaintiff. It appeared in evidence that the said John Growdy rented a piece of land, the produce whereof he was in the habit of bringing to market. That, among other articles cultivated was that of musk-mellons, for the tapping of two whereof the present action was brought.

The principal witnesses for the plaintiff were Miss Margaret Growdy, daughter of the said plaintiff, and Phelim O'Crump, his hired man. Miss Growdy was first called and sworn. Question by Mr. J. the plaintiff's counsel:—

Miss Growdy, you are the daughter of the plaintiff, are you not?

Miss Grow. So they say.

Court. That answer, Miss Growdy, is not sufficiently definite. You must say positively whether you are or whether you are not, the daughter of the plaintiff.

Miss Grow. I cant say posityvely. It's a wise child that knows it's father. [Laughter.]

Court. [With a chuckle.] True, young woman, very true. Well, proceed with your testimony.

Miss Grow. I told you I could'nt say posityvely whether I was daddy's child or not. Some folks says I am, and some says I aint. But more says I am than what says I aint.

J. Well, we wont stay to settle that intricate point now. You live with the plaintiff, I believe, do you not?

Miss Grow. I expect so.

Court. We don't allow of any expectations here, Miss Growdy. You must tell the truth precisely—say, yes, or no.

Miss Grow. Well, then aye, yes, or no.

Court. [Indignantly.] Do you repeat my words!

Miss Grow. I did as you told me.

J. What the Court means, is, that you should say at once whether you live at home or not?

Miss Grow. I think I do, any how, and allus have done.

J. Do you know Thomas Crowdy?

Miss Grow. Do I know him? I guess I do.

J. How far does he you live from your father's house?

Miss Grow. Oh, he lives just over 'tother side of the hill.

Court. What hill?

Miss Grow. Why, a hill made of stones, and dirt, and airth, and one thing or another.

Court. What is it called?

Miss Grow. It has'nt got no name in particular. Some calls it one thing, and some calls it another.

J. What sort of a looking man is Thomas Crowdy?

Miss Grow. Here he is—you can see for yourself.

J. Would you know him, if you were to see him any where else?

Miss Grow. Know him! Yes, I could tell him the world over, by that ugly lump on his nose.

J. Does he look to you as if he was fond of musk-mellons?

Here Mr. L., the defendant's counsel interfered, and requested that the witness might be confined to the relation of facts; that if there was any testimony in the case to prove a trespass had been committed by his client, it should be forth coming. For his part, he protested against this latitude in examining witnesses, which led the court and jury all over the world, and never allowed them to get sight of the main point.

This speech was answered by Mr. J., who said he had so design whatever to lead the court and jury on such a wild goose chase, as had been mentioned by his brother L.; and that in regard to the main point at issue, he believed the evidence on the part of the plaintiff would come to it quite as soon as the defendant could desire. He then proceeded to question the witness:—

J. Miss Growdy, how far off do you think you should know the defendant?

Miss Grow. A mile if, I could only see his nose.

J. Did you ever see him in your father's musk-mellon patch?

Miss Grow. Did I? I guess you might think so.

J. Have you seen him there more than once?

Miss Grow. Yes, more than a hundred times.

J. When did you last see him there?

Miss Grow. About a week ago.

J. Did you see him tap the two musk-mellons?

Miss Grow. I seed him take out his jack-knife and open it.

J. Well, tell the court and jury all you know about it.

Miss Grow. Why I don't know nothing about it—only, as I said, I seed him take out his jack-knife and open it; and then he stooped down, and—and—then he tapped the mush-millions.

Court. Before you proceed any further, Miss Growdy, I should like to know what you understand by tapping?

Miss Grow. Why, what a shallow question that is! Have you lived so long in the world and never tapped a mush-million?

Court. Don't be impertinent, Miss; but answer my question respectfully. Now, as to the matter of tapping, you know there are various kinds of taps. There is the door-tap, *alias* the knock, or rap, such as is given at people's doors. Then there is the heel-tap, such as is applied to heels by shoemakers, *alias* cordwainers. Then, moreover, there is the love-tap, such as a lady gives a gentleman with her fan. Then, besides, there is the cider-tap, and the beer-tap; and then there is the tap and fasset; besides a variety of other taps, which it would take the Court too long to enumerate. Now, tell me, Miss Growdy, which of these do you mean?

Miss Grow. Nither on 'em

Court. What then do you mean? If the defendant tapped the musk-mellons, the natural presumption is, that he tapped them in some form or other. Tell us how he did it.

Miss Grow. Why, he did it with his jack-knife, I 'spose.

Court. Did he tap them with the handle of the knife, as one might tap at a door?

Miss Grow. That's another shallow question. Do you think he wanted to walk into the mush-millions?

J. Be good enough to answer the Court respectfully Miss Growdy. The question is, in what particular manner the musk-mellons were tapped?

Miss Growdy. A square hole was cut in one side, and a piece was took out.

J. How large was the hole?

Miss Growdy. How large? Why I should think it was large enough toget in his whole nose, lump and all.

J. Of what size were the mellons?

Miss Grow. About the size of our dog's head?

Court. That is altogether indefinite, inasmuch as the heads of dogs are of different sizes, and inasmuch as the particular size of your dog's head is probably unknown to the Jury, as it certainly is to the court.

Miss Grow. Well, then, about the size of your head, if that suits you better.

Court. [In a rage.] Miss Growdy, your impertince is past endurance; and unless you behave with more respect to the Court, I shall certainly commit you.

Miss Grow. If you never commit any thing worse, you'll do well.

J. Miss Growdy, you should not have alluded, in the manner you did, to his Honor's head. However, [turning to the Court] your Honor has now a very tolerable idea, and so has the jury, of the amount of injury done to my client; for we all know the uncommon magnitude of your Honor's head; and therefore can the better estimate what must be the exceeding value of any mater or thing which is worthy for a moment to be compared to your honor's head.

This ingenious speech seemed entirely to pacify the Judge, whose face relaxed into a forgiving smile; and calling the witness a saucy whit, he asked her what could possibly be the motive of the defendant for so wantonly making a lunge into the very bowels as it were of such noble musk-mellons.

Miss Grow. He wanted to see if they were ripe, I 'spose.

Court. Oh, ho! very likely. [Turning to Mr. J.] Have you any more questions to ask.

J. None at present.

Mr. L., the defendant's counsel, now commenced a cross-examination:—

L. How far is the musk-mellon patch from your father's house.

Miss Grow. Why its jest over tother side of the hill.

L. How high is the hill?

Miss Grow. How should I know? I never measured it.

L. I suppose not, but you can tell me very nearly how high you suppose it to be. Is it as high as your head?

Miss Grow. My head! Yes, as high as two of it.

L. I suppose it would be difficult then for a person of your height to see over it?

Miss Grow. I could no more see over it, than I could fly.

L. Where were you at the time you saw the defendant in the musk-mellon patch?

Miss Grow. I was looking out of the kitchen window.

L. Is the kitchen above ground or below?

Miss Grow. It aint neither one nor 'tother but a little of each.

L. How do you know the defendant tapped the musk-mellons with a jack-knife?

Miss Grow. 'Cause I know he did.

L. What makes you think so?

Miss Grow. 'Cause I seed him fumbling in his pocket.

L. Did you see the knife?

Miss Grow. No, but I seed the mush-millions after they was tapped.

L. That's sufficient.

Phelim O'Crump was next called and sworn.

J. Do you know Thomas Crowdy?

Phelim. Faith and I do. I've sane him more nor once afore the day.

J. Do you know any thing about his tapping two musk-mellons belonging to John Growdy.

Phelim. He tapped 'em sure.

Court. Did you see him tap them?

Phelim. Yer Honor may well say that.

Court. On which side did he tap them?

Phelim. On the south side it was.

J. You are Mr. Growdy's market-man, are you not?

Phelim. I am that same.

J. What should you say was the value of the two musk-mellons?

Phelim. Valley! Sure, and is'nt it thirteen and saxpence now?

J. Undoubtedly.

Here Mr. J., saying he had no more questions to ask the witness, Mr. L. on his part began:

L. Phelim, did you see the defendant tap the musk-mellons?

Phelim. Sure, and you may well say that.

L. But do you say it?

Phelim. And what else should I say?

L. The truth, and nothing but the truth.

Phelim. Is that all? Sure now, and that would 'nt suit Misther Growdy.

L. No! And why not?

Phelim. Is'nt he the man that tould me what I should say about the musmilleners?

L. What did he tell you.

Phelim. Phelim, says he, can ye swear? Faith, says I, and by St. Pathrick, I'm the boy that can do that. Then, says he without any more praffis, Phelim, says he, I want you to swear to the musmilleners that Thomas Crowdy he tapped. And did he do that same? says I. You must swear so, says he. I'll swear to any thing you plase, says I, so you'll give me a dhrop of whiskey, or the like. So you see, Misther Lawyer, I must keep my promise, and swear it to the ind of the chapther.

L. I've done with you, Phelim.

Phelim. [Bowing and scraping.] Thank ye sir.

No evidence of any kind was offered on behalf of the defendant; and his counsel now proceeded to remark at some length on the strange character of that which had been produced by the plaintiff. He observed that the testimony of each witness was a contradiction to itself. He particularly commented on the evidence of Miss Growdy, whose eyesight was so remarkable that she had seen the defendant over the top of a hill twice as high as her head. Of the honest confession, just made by Phelim, he would say nothing. It would be very evident to the court and jury, that he had been suborned; and it must be equally evident, that the daughter of the plaintiff had been *instructed* to come into court and swear against the defendant.

The plaintiff's counsel now rose. He repelled with great indignation, and no little eloquence, the charge of subornation brought against his client; and of perjury against the witnesses, whose very appearance on the stand, to say nothing of their general character, was a sufficient pledge for their truth. As to the alleged confession of honest Phelim, what was it? merely an Irish blunder, for which the court and jury would make all due allowance. In fine, he trusted that his client's case had been fully made out; that a daring trespass had been committed; that two of the finest musk-mellons ever grown—and which the first witness, in her honest but expressive language, had compared in size to his Honor's head—had been injuriously tapped; and that, accordingly, a verdict should be rendered in favour of his client for the full amount of damages claimed.

Here Mr. J. closed; and after a most luminous and elaborate charge from the judge, which occupied three hours and forty minutes, the case was submitted to the jury, who presently returned a verdict for the plaintiff, of the full amount of damages, with costs.

A PAIR OF OLD SHOES.

The value of a thing is chiefly to be estimated by the want of it. Those things, which in the midst of wealth and prosperity we despise, we often set a high value on when in adverse circumstances. As an illustration of this, take the following anecdote, related by the Empress Josephine to the ladies of her court, after having one day shown them her jewels, the most magnificent collection in Europe. Observing the admiration bestowed upon these things, she said:—

"Of all the presents I ever in my life received, the one which gave me the greatest pleasure was *a pair of old shoes—and these, too, of coarse leather!* This you will understand in the sequel.

"Quitting Martinico, I had taken passage on board a ship, where we were treated with an attention which I shall never forget. Having separated from my first husband, I was far from rich. Obliged to return to France on family affairs, the passage had absorbed the major part of my resources; and, indeed, not without much difficulty had I been able to provide the most indispensable requisites for our voyage. Hortense, obliging, and lively, performing with much agility the dances of the negroes, and singing their songs with surprising correctness, greatly amused the sailors, who, from being her constant play-fellows, had become her favourite society. No sooner did she observe me to be engaged, than, mounting upon deck, and there the object of general admiration, she repeated all her little exercises to the satisfaction of every one. An old quarter-master was particularly attached to the child; and whenever his duty permitted him a moment's leisure, he devoted the interval to his young friend, who in turn, doted upon the old man. What with running, leaping, and dancing, my daughter's slight shoes were fairly worn out. Knowing that she had not another pair, and fearing I would forbid her going upon deck should this defect in her attire be discovered, Hortense carefully concealed the disaster, and one day I experienced the distress of beholding her return, leaving every foot-mark in blood. Fearing some terrible accident, I asked, in affright, if she was hurt. 'No, mamma!'—'But see, the blood is streaming from your feet.'—'It is nothing, I assure you.' Upon examining how matters stood, I found the shoes literally in tatters, and her feet dreadfully torn by a nail. We were not yet more than half way; and before reaching France, it seemed impossible to procure another pair of shoes. I felt quite overcome at the idea of the sorrow my poor Hortense would suffer, as also at the danger to which her health might be exposed, by confinement in my miserable little cabin. We began to weep bitterly, and found no solace to our grief. At this moment entered our good friend the quarter-master, and, with honest bluntness, inquired the cause of our tears. Hortense, sobbing all the while, eagerly intermingled with that she would no more get upon deck, for her shoes were worn out, and mamma had no dollars to give her. 'Nonsense,' said the worthy seaman, 'is that all? I have an old pair somewhere in my chest. I will go and seek them. You, madam, can rub them to the shape, and I'll splice them up again as good as new-be. Shiver my timbers! on board ship you must put up with many things; we are neither lady's maids, nor

fops; provided we have the necessary—*that's the most principal.*' Without giving time for a reply, away hastened the kind quarter-master in search of the old shoes. These he soon after brought to us with a triumphant air, and they were received by Hortense, with the most lively acclamations of joy. To work we set with all zeal, and before day closed my daughter could resume her delightful duties of supplying their evening's diversions to the crew. I again repeat, never was present received with greater thankfulness. It has since often been matter of self-reproach that I did not inquire particularly into the name and history of our benefactor, who was known on board only as Jacques. It would have been gratifying to me to have done something for him when afterward means were in my power."

"*I'll nayther chate nor be chated, but of the two I'd rather chate than be chated.*"

OLD SAYING OF A PADDY.

A stout son of Erin, who was short of cash, lately played the following trick upon the captain of one of our steamboats. As the latter went his usual rounds to collect the passengers' tickets, and asked the Irishman for his, Pat pretended to be very much astonished at the demand, and staring wide, exclaimed—

"What tecket do ye mane, Captain dear?"

"Your passage ticket."

"The divil a passage tecket have I, savin and exceptin a tecket in the Lottthery that dhrawed a blank last wake, and now it won't pass at all, at all, bad luck to it!"

"Well, give me your passage money then."

"Money! Aint that a pretty story now to tell? By St. Pathrick, Captain, I belave ye're ayther drunk or crazy, or bouth togither, not to know your own *crew* from the rist of the gintlemen passengers!"

"Do *you* belong to the crew?"

"Do I! Faith, Captain, and is it yer ounself that asks the question?"

"I've no recollection of ever seeing you before. I think I know my own crew, or ought to."

"Faith, and I think so too, Captain; and therefore it's very much astonished I am at yer want of mimory."

As the steamboat was now nearing the wharf, and the captain had no time to waste in debate, Paddy escaped with his trick; but did not think it advisable to continue longer in the capacity of one of the crew of that boat.

A BUSY PAY-DAY.—A profligate young fellow, the son of a lawyer of some eminence, in Rhode Island, on a certain muster or general inspection day, purchased a horse of an ignorant farmer, engaging to pay for it on the next inspection day. He gave a note; but instead of inspection, he inserted the word *resurrection*—making it payable on the resurrection day!

When the next inspection day had come and the farmer, unsuspicious of the trick, supposed the note to be due, he called on the young man for payment. The latter expressed great astonishment that he should call upon him before the note was out.

"But it is out," said the farmer; "you promised to pay me the next inspection day; the time has come round, and I want my money."

"If you will look at the note again," said the young man, coolly, "you will find it has a long time to run yet."

The farmer was sure the note was due, or ought to be; but on spelling it over carefully, he found to his astonishment that it was not due till the resurrection day. He remonstrated with the young scapegrace; but all to no purpose, and he finally laid the case before his father, the lawyer. The latter took his son aside, and told him he had better settle the thing at once: "for," said he, "though the pay-day is far off, you are in a fair to have business enough on your hands that day, without having any notes to settle."

The advice was taken.

COLLAPSED.—A gentleman, at one of our boarding-houses, reading the case, reported in the Journal of Commerce, of the woman, who, while carrying to the hospital in a sedan, was delivered of a fine boy, was asked by the landlady, if the patient was dead?

"No," replied the gentleman, "she's only *collapsed.*"

BLUE STAGE.—"How blue he looks!" exclaimed one of the attendants, in relation to a patient who was supposed to be far gone with the cholera.

"Blue!" retorted the patient, who just then began to come to himself a little—"by J——s, you'd be blue yourself if you'd drunk as much whiskey as I did last night at a wake—botheration and bad luck to you!"

"GLORIOUS VICTORY!"—An article, headed thus, contains news that our Army on the Western Frontier had killed and *scalped* ten or a dozen Indians. If this savage warfare be glorious, then have we mistaken ideas of what constitutes glory. We are glad to perceive that the commander-in-chief, Gen. Scott, has, by proclamation, forbidden the soldiers to acquire any further glory by the use of the scalping-knife.

DISTURBANCES IN FRANCE.—The people of France can never be quiet under any circumstances. No sooner has the cholera begun to subside, than they begin to kick up a political dust. The burial of Gen. Lamarque, a distinguished Buonapartist, is made the occasion for an insurrection in Paris. The Duke of Fitz James, sitting in his own window, neglects to take off his hat as the procession passes, and he is assailed with stones and brickbats, and denounced as an enemy to liberty.

Strange what ideas people have of this thing called liberty! The mob of Paris profess to be the friends of freedom, and yet will not allow a man the liberty peaceably wearing his own hat, on his own premises. But those who make the greatest noise about liberty, generally want nothing more than the privilege of doing as they please themselves, without any regard to the wishes of others.

The celebrated JEREMY BENTHAM lately died in England, at the age of 85.

Why was the conqueror of Canaan like a child whom nobody fathers? D'ye give it up? Because he was the son of *Nun.*

Why are doctors and ministers who fly from the cholera, like the friends of the new tariff? Because they're in favor of a *reduction of duties.*

From the Columbia (Pa.) Spy.

TO MISS CATHARINE JAY, OF UTICA.

I wish I was in U T K,
As once I us'd 2 B,
For there resides Miss K T J,
And her I long 2 C.

For I do love sweet K T J,
I b'lieve she loves me 2,
And if her love should e'er D K,
I'll never love N U.

My K T is discreet & YYY,
So is she ☰ some 2;
The * * might N V her her I I,
When she looks up 2 view.

Another maid like my dear K 8,
I ne'er Xpect 2 C;
O how it will my soul L 8,
When mine she deigns 2 B!

I've wandered far o'er land and C,
A fortune to cre 8,
I've ✕'d O I O and P D,
I'ar from my native St 8.

Still K T J is far B4
All other maids I C;
I'or XLNC I adore
As a lovely NTT.

So here's a health 2 K T J,
There's 0 2 me so DR,
And soon I'll be in U T K,
When I do hope 2 C R.

KT, perhaps U wonder Y
So long I trouble U,
But NE time this meets U R I,
Pray think on W.

JUVENILE BALLS.—The early developement of the passions which the present system of education calls forth, cannot be elucidated by any thing so forcible as the following anecdotes:—A Lilliputian in long clothes, throwing herself languishingly upon the sofa, on her return from church, cried lately to her mother, "I really must decline going to church in future, at least we must have our places changed." "Why so, my dear?" asked her astonished parent. "Because there is a person in an adjoining pew who stares at me like a *pest*, and I do assure you, mamma, I never gave him the slightest encouragement." This incipient coquette had attained to the respectable age of seven years. The eldest daughter of a gentleman in Russell-square, aged six, received a card which ran thus: "Miss B—— at home at 7, punch at 8, quadrilles." It was for the same evening—rather short notice, to be sure, for a fashionable assemblage. It elicited the following reply, the father being somewhat of our way of thinking in these matters:—"Miss R—— presents her compliments to Miss B——, and regrets to say that she is to be well whipped at 7, and in bed by 8."—*Monthly Magazine.*

Singular Occurrence.—A person, who was an eye-witness, related to us the following curious accident, which happened on Monday last, in Springfield township, Montgomery county. A mare and colt were playing about in a barn-yard, when the mare, stepping upon the cover of a well, broke the floor and was precipitated to the bottom. The colt, surprised at the sudden disappearance of its dam, ran into a house near by, in which was sitting a woman and child. After looking around, it retreated with as much precipitancy as it had come in—ran to the well, and jumped down after its dam. In about two hours they were both taken out, without having sustained any material injury, although the well was about 35 feet deep. The water at the bottom probably saved their lives.—*Bucks Intelligencer.*

An Incorrigible Sot.—Deacon W. meeting Billy Norton early one morning wending his way to M'Guffy's grog-shop, resolved to expostulate with him on the sinfulness of his ways. He requested him to tarry a moment, as he had something important to communicate; but Billy more than half suspecting what was coming, declared he had no time to spare, having urgent business to attend to.

But, said the Deacon, seizing him by the button of his coat, I have only three questions to ask you, which I wish you to answer deliberately and truly.

Well, said Billy, I will listen to your *three* questions, and answer them to the best of my ability.

The Deacon, in a solemn voice, accordingly proceeded: Billy Norton, I want you to tell me where, in your opinion, all drunkards go to?

W-h-y, drawled out Billy, generally down to M'Guffy's shop; but sometimes, for the sake of variety, they call in at Lieutenant Giles's.

You will not understand me, Billy, added the Deacon, in a soothing tone; I mean, what becomes of these miserable creatures at last?

O it's a great chance if they don't call for a glass of *West India*, and if the morning is cold and wet, they will sometimes toss off a gill of *New England!*

But, impatiently exclaimed the Deacon, what is the final consequence of such villainous proceedings?

Bad enough, in all conscience, said Billy, solemnly—a long bill is scored up, and if it isn't paid within the year, our furniture, cows, or something else are attached, which gives us a heap of trouble.

You are resolved to misunderstand me, exclaimed Deacon W., in great wrath—I ask you if—

Hold, said Billy—I have now answered your *three* questions fully and fairly; and if you ask any more, you must answer them yourself. So saying, the *incorrigible sot* coolly moved off towards the grog-shop.—*Exeter NewsLetter.*

A lady entered a store in Westminister street, a few evenings since, to make a purchase of some ribbon, and being burthened with a number of cents, the shop-keeper politely gave her silver in exchange; after which, the lady good-naturedly observed—'This is the first time I ever knew shopkeepers to buy cents (sense,) *but I think that there is need enough of it.*'

Bulls and Blunders.—A bookseller not long ago, put in his catalogue under the article, *surgery*, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

Phillips, in his pastorals, makes the shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts, at their own deaths.

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevell'd hair,
In bider anguish beat your breasts and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own.

There is a curious couplet in Blackmore's Arthur.

A painted *vest* prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a *naked* Pict, his grandsire won.

CHARACTER OF THE FLY.—Imagine the endeavour *to tame a fly!* It is obvious that there is no getting at him; he does not comprehend you; he knows nothing about you; it is doubtful, in spite of its large eyes, whether he ever sees you, or at least to any purpose of recognition. How capriciously and provokingly he glides hither and thither! What angles and diagrams he describes in his locomotion, seemingly without any purpose. He will peg away at your sugar, but stop him who can when he is done. Thumping (if you could get some fairy stick that would do it with impunity) would have no effect on a creature who shall bump his head half the morning at a pane of glass, and never learn that there is no getting through it. Solitary imprisonment would be lost on the incomprehensible little wretch, who can stand still with as much pertinacity as he can bustle about, and will stick a whole day in one posture. The best thing to be said of him is, that he is fond of cleaning himself as a cat, doing it much in the same manner; and that he often rubs his hands together, with an appearance of great energy and satisfaction.—*New Monthly Mag.*

A NAME OF TERROR.—*Anecdote of Capt. Macnamara.*—At a period when this gentleman's reputation for duelling was so great that his very name was supposed to inspire terror, he was walking in Vauxhall Gardens, accompanied by two ladies. Their beauty was so considerable, that it attracted the attention of all the promenaders, but particularly that of an individual, who followed them, and loudly expressed his admiration in very offensive terms. Macnamara remonstrated with him, in an extremely gentlemanly manner, and requested him to desist; but the fellow persisting he was compelled to speak more firmly and to require his card. "My card," repeated the bully, "aye, you shall have it;" and drawing it forth, in a very ferocious manner, thrust it into Macnamara's hands. Turning towards the light, that gentleman read on it, to his infinite surprise, *Captain Macnamara, Fenton's Hotel*—his own name, address, and card, which by some chance or knavery had fallen into the ruffian's hands, and which he had considered of sufficient efficacy to extricate him from the consequences of any impertinence he might choose to commit.

FETE ON BOARD THE CALEDONIA.—We take from the Atlas an account of this entertainment furnished by the Devenport Telegraph of Ap. 28th.

To relieve the monotony of long-continued harbour duty, and throw a transient charm over a life of comparative inaction, the officers of the Caledonia on Wednesday last gave a splendid fete on board that magnificent vessel in the Sound. It consisted of a play, ball and supper, at which most of the beauty, rank and fashion in the neighbourhood were invited. The generous, free and hospitable qualities of the British Tar are so well known, that it is almost needless to say on this occasion neither pains or expense were spared to give effect to the scene of enjoyment, and afford every comfort and convenience to the guests. The arrangements were on a scale of splendour and magnificence, and this gallant vessel, the pride of the British Navy, was metamorphosed into temples of elegance and taste, where

"The music, and the banquet, and the wine,
The garlands, the rose odours, and the flowers,"

took the place of sterner scenes, and the sleeping thunders of this giant of the flood were set aside to make room for the play of tiny feet and graceful forms, as they floated in the dance, or, "walked in beauty" on her smiling decks.

The Brunswick steamer and the Caledonia's boats were in waiting in Stonehouse Pool at an early hour to take the company on board. Shortly after eight o'clock, about 400 were assembled in the temporary Theatre erected on the middle deck, the whole of that deck before the entering ports being appropriated for the purpose, to effect which some of the guns were removed, and the remainder turned fore and aft so as to allow of seats being laid down for that number, all of whom had a clear view of the stage, the back seats being raised on shot boxes. Scenery, drop-curtains, appropriate dresses, and an orchestra, were provided for the occasion, and Goldsmith's celebrated comedy of "*She Stoops to Conquer,*" was performed by the officers. The company were highly amused with this part of the entertainment. About ten o'clock the curtain fell amidst loud plaudits, and all present immediately adjourned to the quarter-deck.

Here a delightful scene presented itself. At a cursory glance it had more the appearance of an eastern temple, devoted to pleasure, than the quarter-deck of a British man-of-war, "the scene of high command and daring strife;" and it was only on a closer inspection that you were reminded of the illusion that had been practiced upon the senses. Every moveable article was cleared away; the mizen-stays were hauled into the main-top, beneath which was suspended a most magnificent canopy, nearly 30 feet high, formed of a number of beautiful standards of various nations, and covering the whole of the immense quarter-deck of the largest ship in the world.—About midway an awning formed of flags and sails, ran over the poop, which was converted into a promenade, from whose lofty position the company were seen to much advantage, and it proved an airy and quiet retreat from the busy scene below. A splendid chandelier hung from the centre of the canopy, and four others were suspended from the ends of six boarding-pikes stuck into the hammock nettings. The whole were formed of bayonets fastened to hoops, the sockets receiving the wax candles. A variety of magazine lamps were also scattered about, and the deck and poop were consequently illuminated in the most brilliant manner. The Orchestra was fixed in the place of the quarter-deck sky-light, which was removed, and a frame-work erected adorned with evergreens and variegated lamps, the feet of the musicians resting on gratings lashed to the deck beneath. Every part was made weather-tight. No drafts were perceptible to rob the fair cheek of its envied bloom or dim the lustre of the sunny eyes that gazed with delight upon the enchanting spectacle before them.

Extraordinary Railway project.—A grand and stupendous project, tending to develop and give effect to all the revolutionary wonders of the railway system, challenges attention in the present number of the *United Service Journal.* It proposes, by the application of the all-conquering mechanical powers of the present age, to establish a vast line of what are called marine railways, which, besides intersecting the whole of England, and furnishing a universal substitute for our present hazardous, costly, tedious, and circuitous commercial navigation, shall branch over the Continent, and embrace, with its cheap, secure, and expediting powers, the whole trade of France to and from England, with the entire commerce of England, Belgium, and Holland to all parts of the Mediterranean, the Black Sea and the Archipelago. The details of this most extraordinary plan, and the statement of its tendency and consequences will be read with no little eagerness in the paper itself, which will stamp its author as the modern Archimedes, if the prodigious designs it unfolds be found reducible to practice.—*London paper.* [This appears to be an extension of the plan proposed in the same journal, for constructing a railway on an artificial embankment across the Irish Channel. Those who live to see the scheme executed, may think themselves fortunate.—*Ed. Atlas.*]

MAHRATTA COURT CEREMONY.

From Capt. Mundy's Sketches.

"The scene," says Captain M., "was, even to us who had seen so much of eastern courts, novel and interesting; the ceremony striking, and the locale very favourable for display. The interview between the two chiefs took place on a pretty extensive plain, half surrounded by a crescent of heights, the view being suddenly terminated by the craggy and scabre fortress of Gwalior. This plain was completely covered by the cavalcade of the Mahratta sovereign, whose glittering spears and floating pennons we could distinguish even as far as the foot of the rock; and each elevation of ground was thickly thronged with spectators. Every invention of barbaric pomp was lavished on the elephants and equipages of the Rajah's immediate suite. The elephant of the Hindoo Rao, in particular, was the most beautiful animal I ever saw, and caparisoned in the most costly style; the whole of his head and trunk was painted in the richest colours; he wore a steep frontlet of solid silver net-work, and each of his huge tusks was fitted into a sheath of silver richly embossed; massive silver chains encircled his legs (which were about circumferent with a forty-years' oak tree;) large and sonorous bells of the same metal depended from his sides; his ears were decorated with silver ear-rings about six feet long; and his housings, the fringe of which reached nearly to the ground, were of velvet, embroidered in gold and silver. And here I should remark, that the Mahratta elephants—at least those who are merely used for the Suwarree—have a style of gait and mainten peculiar to themselves, and are as superior in appearance to ours, as the English thorough-bred racer is to the earth-stopper's hack. The Company's elephants, probably from having been rode too young, and oppressed with burdens, shuffle along with short steps, their necks bent, and their heads hanging with the melancholy air of an Oxford Street hackney-coach-horse. The Mahratta elephant strides majestically along, his head elevated far above his shoulder, and his tusks standing out horizontally. The chiefs pride themselves greatly upon these animals, and take pleasure in teaching them a variety of tricks. As the procession passed one of the courtiers, who was riding on or driving his own beautiful little elephant, he made it kneel down and salaam with its trunk, and then follow the cavalcade, still on its knees, for about one hundred yards. As soon as Scindia had arrived within one hundred paces of our party, he drew up his elephant; and after the master of the ceremonies had passed and repassed—(and trespassed upon our patience)—about twenty times between the two great powers, a space was cleared from the curious Mahratta nobility, who seem to be endowed with the same propensity for staring and gaping as other mobs. The two parties descended simultaneously from the houdahs and confronted each other, more like bitter enemies preparing to come to blows, than as friends meeting in amity and concord. The old commandant—with his triangular, knave-of-spades face—then came forward, and, with the resident, led the officers of the staff up by twos, to be presented to the Maha Rajah, who—no doubt well schooled beforehand—coolly and indifferently returned our salaams. Maha Rajah Mookut Rao Scindia, the descendant of the peshwa's slipper bearer, is about twelve years old, and, for a Mahratta, a well-grown, good-looking boy, though of unusually dark complexion. He wore a dress of quilted crimson silk, with pyjamas of gold hemmeah, and a plain crimson turban, ornamented with a diamond aigrette; pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, being profusely disposed over his whole person. As soon as the English staff had undergone presentation, the Mahratta courtiers were, to the number of forty, introduced in like manner to the British chief: some of them were very richly accoutred; and others, on the contrary, most shabbily, and even squalidly attired. * * * The *accolade fraternelle* between his lordship and the boy king next took place; after which ceremony we all remounted our elephants, and having given his majesty a quarter of an hour's start, in order to allow of his reaching the palace before us, we followed him to the Mahratta camp. The amphitheatre of hills around us was crowded with moving masses of spectators, whose persons all bowed to the ground as the little despot passed. A body of about thirty camel artillery separated the two cavalcades, and kept up a tremendous fire *a discretion*. On passing a narrow defile in the chain of hills, we suddenly came in view of the Mahratta camp, stretched below us in a tolerably fertile and well-wooded valley, and bearing about as much the appearance of a camp as do the Pavilion and Steyne at Brighton. In place of tents, handsome, snow-white minarets, temples, and palaces, peep from among the mango-trees in every direction; and we very soon found ourselves in a street as long, and nearly as well provided with shops, as the Chandee Chowk of Delhi."

ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT.

They afterwards witnessed some sort of Oriental tournament, and dined with the Mahratta monarch.

"Quitting the scene of the jousts we proceeded to our dinner engagement at the royal palace, and, after undergoing another durbar, which appeared even longer and more tedious than the heaviest of half hours which usually precedes a dinner-party in England, we were ushered in grand state into the banqueting-hall, a lofty, vaulted apartment, bearing more the appearance of a chapel than a dining-room. A long table was laid down the centre of the hall, and a line of chairs ranged for the guests along one side of it, whilst the other was left open for the operation of the ministers, to our appetites, and to expose us more satisfactorily to the curiosity of the spectators. The former were chiefly Hindoos of respectability; and it was the first time that any of us had been waited upon at table by members of that sect. The latter were composed of the Maha Rajah, his relatives and courtiers, who sat apart from the table, but in such a position as enabled them to enfilade its whole length with their curious eyes. The partial upraising, too, of a silken purdar, above the door at the top of the hall, betrayed to us, that eyes invisible from below—those of the pretty pensioners of the zenana—were employed in criticising Feringees' feast. The Hindoos are mere tyros in gastronomy, as compared with their more courtly and fastidious neighbours the Mussulmans; some of their pallaus and cawabs were, however, sufficiently savoury. The dishes were not placed on the board, but were carried by troops of zealous attendants down the untenanted side of the table; each in rapid succession presenting his smoking burden, describing its exquisite qualities with the eloquence of an auctioneer, and exhorting the guests in the most moving terms to partake of it. Refusal was out of the question, and in a few minutes my plate became a perfect mountain of confused sweets and savouries,—a *rudis indigestaque moles!*—a complete culinary chaos! Our entertainers must have thought us a right merry set of fellows, for we were all nearly convulsed, and I was quite choked with laughter, excited by the very eager and enthusiastic manner in which some of the table-attendants displayed the good points of their respective viands. One fellow exalted a large fried fish in mid air, holding it up by the tail in his fingers; and wound up his declamatory eulogium by plumping it down on my plate, which was already swimming with a kind of creme fouettee, administered by his precursor. A second uplifted by the leg, and twirled between his finger and thumb, a huge cawabbed capon, which, from its gigantic proportions, and the sprawling, untrussed state of its limbs, exceedingly resembled a young grilled Hindoo. No dish appeared a second time, each being carried off as it reached the foot of the table, series after series came in, and we might have been dining until this moment, had not his lordship requested their forbearance just as they were ushering in the fiftieth course. I omitted to say, that the table appurtenances were furnished by the resident. Thus ended the first and only feast that I was ever bidden to by the disciples of Brahmah; and if in culinary qualities it fell short of the Mussulman tables which had been spread for us during our tour, it was at least infinitely more productive of food for merriment. We rose from this amusing though fatiguing banquet, with heads aching from the savoury vapours of the smoking hecatombs heaped by our profuse hosts upon the altar of our appetites, and with sides aching from the cachinnatory convulsions we had undergone, the semi-suppression of which was even more arduous than its unrestrained indulgence would have been."

CHOLERA INCIDENTS.

American Generosity.—In a time when the avenging hand of Providence has visited our land, and the awful consciousness of divine power has caused the hearts of men to shrink within them; at such a time will man's heart be found most susceptible of impression; and the public feeling softened as it now is by public calamity, will, we doubt not, duly appreciate the instance of genuine philanthropy which it is our pleasing office to record.

The citizens of New-York have held an assembly, with a view to meet the exigencies of the present awful crisis. With few words and professions, but with open purses and generous hearts, they have organized a Committee with a view to relieve their suffering fellow creatures, which Committee have selected Drs. Stevenson and Forrester, two very eminent physicians, to carry their benevolent views into effect; for which purpose these two gentlemen are appointed Commissioners by virtue of the following document: [which we omit.]

The same gentleman who has so kindly furnished us the copy of the above commission, with permission to publish it, now that Drs. Stevenson and Forrester have quitted our city, has also favored us with a copy of the following very beautiful letter of instructions from the New-York Committee to their medical Commissioners:

New-York, 23d June, 1832.

Gentlemen—You are hereby authorised to proceed to the northern frontier of this State as Commissioners in behalf of the citizens of New-York, to carry relief in medicine for the sick, clothing for the naked, food for the hungry, and shelter for the houseless—to all emigrants from what country soever they may have come to our continent; and you are herewith furnished with $1000 in money and a letter of credit for $2000—and we commit to your discretion the employment of these funds so as most efficiently to carry into practice the benevolent views of your fellow citizens, who rely upon your philanthropy of which you give so noble a proof, in willingly acquiescing in our selection of you for these high purposes.

After having alleviated, to your utmost power the sufferings and wants of the strangers within our borders—you cannot err in our opinion in carrying your surplus aid to such emigrants without this State, whose condition may require your services—and accordingly we recommend them also to your care—well assured that if we thus exceed in the letter, we do not in the spirit, the benevolent intentions of our constituents.

We request you to keep a journal of your proceedings—and to furnish us daily with succinct extracts from it, to be laid before our fellow citizens.

Finally commending you to the peculiar care of Providence in this work of good will to all mankind, we remain, Gentlemen, your friends,

James G. King, D. S. Kennedy, Thomas Suffern, Thomas Dixon, Joseph Walker, *Committee.*

To John B. Stevenson, Peter Forrester.

It surely required the indiscriminate generosity of purpose which the New York Committee have evinced, to inspire the language in which their instructions have been so beautifully conveyed. No man possessing a heart which responds to the anguish of his fellow man, can read the above letter unmoved. Oh excellent christians! "Generous Americans!" upon what a proud pre-eminence you stand, and how humiliating are some of those comparisons, which it is impossible not to feel and to express on this occasion.—*Montreal Herald.*

On another page will be seen the grateful acknowledgements by which one of the Montreal papers has noticed the recent mission of charity from this city for the relief of the sufferers on our borders. It is due to other journalists to mention that they too have promptly expressed their sense of this commendable act. Now, though a desire of applause should not be the motive for well-doing, we see nothing amiss in the gratification of knowing that kindness is appreciated; we therefore add the following, from the Montreal Record, in relation to the relief sent by New York. We may mention, as an illustration of the writer's sentiments, that the article is headed "American nobility."—*Atlas.*

"The highest and noblest attributes of our nature exhibit themselves amongst the good of all countries. It is a crown of glory to our Republican neighbours that on this occasion they have led where charity invites. Yielding themselves to the spontaneous impulse of humanity, they have set an illustrious example of virtue. They heard that the way faring foreigner was overtaken with want and sickness, whilst journeying to their land, and they instantly despatched heralds of charity to greet the stranger on the threshold of their country; to administer succour to his wants; to feed the hungry; clothe the naked; shelter the houseless; relieve the sick; bind up the wounds of such as are broken-hearted; and pour the healing balm of consolation into the spirits of the afflicted. Intelligent, and emulous of goodness, our neighbours have sought their happiness in the glorious race of virtue. An imperishable memento of the deed is already in the souls of their Christian Brethren; it is watered with the grateful tears of relieved widows, and enshrined in the hearts of orphans; History shall record it in letters of gold, engraved by Truth with the point of a diamond; and generations yet unborn shall note the page, and raise the voice of praise to the virtue of a City, but for whose timely charity to their progenitors, themselves had never lived. * * *

If any thing can add to the nobility of the deed, it will be found in its modest, unassuming manner. No parade; no talk, it was enough that want and distress existed. Charity, to succour the destitute stranger, flew with the speed of its own generous impulse. The heart thought and the deed was done. It has been the good, and blessed work of a moment. No partizan feeling, no consideration of caste, or country, intruded in the donors minds to sully the purity of the deed; the love of mankind only, pervaded them and united their hearts; their generous motives, chaste as the virtue from which it emanated, could see no distinctions. Charity lived alone to breathe ethereal influence."

Cure of the Cholera.—During the highest prevalence of the malady in Montreal, an unknown individual, since ascertained to be an eccentric person from New Jersey, offered his gratuitous services to the poor, in curing the Cholera. His prescription, as reported in the Montreal papers was this—

Two spoonfuls of *Charcoal.*
Two do. of *Lard.*
Two do. of *Maple Sugar.*

Mix these together, and give them to the patient with a spoonful of sugar, to remove the disagreeable taste from the mouth: should this remain on the stomach one half hour after, you may allow the patient to drink a little spruce beer; chocolate may be used after the recovery of the patient, with dry bread. He recommends, after all these medicines, that good fat bacon, with beans, be well boiled together, the bacon to be first skimmed, and boiled well, the patient to eat with moderation of this food." Numerous cures were affirmed to be effected. In the Montreal Herald of the 7th inst. we find the following.

Facts are stubborn Things.—When the Indian Chiefs from Caughnawaga, visited Montreal, with the view of obtaining, if possible, some stay for the cholera, which was so rapidly depopulating their village; they repaired to the house of Mr. Joseph Lancaster, where they were kindly entertained whilst search was made for Dr. Ayres, who returned with the chiefs, taking with him a large supply of his materia medica. The deaths up to that time were 62. There were then existing 63 cases, and in the course of the first 24 hours 36 new cases occurred, making in all 99. A very respectable person who left Caughnawaga yesterday morning, and whose word cannot be doubted, affirms, that when he departed 93 out of the 99 were up and walking about, and he fully expected to find the other 6 convalescent, upon his return. Such extraordinary success had naturally raised in the breasts of the Indians a veneration for their preserver, little short of worship. His successful practice, however, there as in Montreal, had been the source of jealousy and bad feeling in a quarter where it was the least to be expected.

From the Atlas of Saturday.

Among the prominent events connected with the desolations of the Cholera at Montreal, was the sudden appearance in the city of a stranger, in the garb and guise of extreme poverty, who proffered his aid to the sick without compensation, and according to the testimony of all, so far as we have had the opportunity of knowing, with remarkable success. His name is given as Stephen Ayres, from New-Jersey; where, it seems, he was formerly a student if not a practitioner of medicine. Be this as it may, his prescription for the Cholera seems to have been sufficiently *unprofessional.* The reader will see it, in all its simplicity of form and universality of application, on a subsequent page; but he will see along with it highly respectable testimony in support of—its efficacy? we should rather say of the cure, in more than ordinary proportion of those to whom it was administered. Some curious inquiries are suggested by this state of things, and in regard to a part of them we shall offer a few observations. We premise by saying that it is our rule to yield our belief to *any thing* not demonstrably impossible or absurd, for which such evidence can be adduced as we are accustomed to rely on for the truth of statements respecting important matters of ordinary occurrence. Under this rule of action we are compelled to admit that very many of the sick at Montreal and Caughnawa, have recovered under the treatment of Stephen Ayres. The question then is, whether they really had the Cholera, and, if so, whether their cure was owing to the medicine he employed; and, granting this, what was the "modus operandi" of the remedy? We do not purpose to go into a long disquisition on these several points; but, suggesting a few considerations, such as our present limits allow, leave them for the attention of those who may choose to reflect upon them. As to the fact whether the patients really had the Cholera—it seems scarcely questionable; or, if disputed, we must resort to the alternative that they were under the influence of some equally violent and deadly disorder. This question then is of little importance. That they recovered surprisingly under the treatment named we find less difficulty in believing than in overthrowing the evidence which maintains the assertion. Was their cure then attributable to the medicine? Here, and in the consequent inquiry, is the *nodus dignus* of the whole affair. We think it cannot reasonably be affirmed or denied, without qualification. Every man will allow that there is no apparent good ground for supposing that articles so destitute of any active principles could be efficacious in a malady where according to all observation the most energetic means seem to be needed—nor can it, that we perceive, be shown that there is any thing in a single ingredient of the mixture from which relief could be anticipated for a single important symptom of the disease. Yet here is the essential *fact*—(our whole argument rests on the truth of this assumption.) the patients who take it, in most cases get well. How is this to be explained? We can as yet see no other method of explanation than this. The Cholera is in many instances believed to be caused by mere apprehension. In such cases, the disorder being produced by an operation on the mind, is it unphilosophical to suppose that a remedy might take effect through the same channel? If we may assume this, we have an answer, at least in part; and it will result that the mixture being innocuous, the powers of nature, sustained by confidence in the remedy and in the skill of him who administers it, are sufficient to restore the patient. There is one other *possible* explanation,—and that is as much as we can say of it. It is this. Grant that the Cholera is generated in the system by a specific poison or morbific influence, and we cannot deny that in some of the ingredients of the apparently inert mass of Ayers' prescription, may exist the specific antidote.

We must conclude; but our readers will unite with us in a closing wish—that however improbable, however unreasonable, however ridiculous the thing should in itself appear, it may soon be as incontestibly proved that small doses of charcoal, lard and sugar, will cure the Cholera, as it has been that the needle will point to the pole, and that the earth we inhabit revolves around the sun.

MISS JEWSBURY'S LETTERS TO THE YOUNG.

We spoke highly [illegible] of this little volume on its first appearance [illegible] more cordially repeat that praise. We [illegible] tale, read "long years ago," there [illegible] had sentences from the philosopher [illegible] scribed in all parts of his palace in let[illegible] did that monarch still exist, how many [illegible] here which might be most profitably [illegible] section! Witness the truth and beauty [illegible] in the following remarks:—

"Minds of a [illegible] and somewhat timid cast, are most liable [illegible] of morbid sensibility they soon beg[illegible] rather than upon, society, and [illegible] disgusted with the construction [illegible] serve their pleasures as children do their toys [illegible] them to pieces in order to ascertain their [illegible] chanism; and their emotions, as the [illegible] rve rose-buds—open them to accelerate their [illegible] loom. * * *

"Melan[illegible] ite as much in pride as re-

finement; in the pride of despising trivial sources of enjoyment as in the refinement which is keenly susceptible of trivial annoyances. A person striving to construct happiness out of daily life, strongly resembles one of the smaller tribe of birds constructing its nest. The materials for this nest are in themselves mean and worthless—here a feather, there a straw, yonder a spray of moss, and on that thorn a tuft of wool: we despise or overlook them: but the bird, wise and patient to the providential instinct of its nature, sees differently, and confounds by its actions both man and his reasoning. It collects the small, contemned materials, arranges them, and, when arranged, the feather, the straw, the moss, and the wool, having lost their separate insignificance, form part of a beautiful whole, of a tiny but perfect fabric. Just so let us not despise trifles—any trifle, at least, by means of which an innocent gratification may either be imparted or received—and we shall find an aggregate of pleasure. The kind look or word that occupies but a moment, may, by its influence on the spirits, gladden a whole day; five minutes' conversation with a stranger accidentally met may embody some information that we were previously ignorant of, or suggest some valuable train of thought that might not otherwise have arisen."

There is one very interesting letter, tracing the influence of the Inspired Writings on our greatest poets. To select one or two instances:

"Lord Byron's descriptive apostrophe to Rome, as 'the Niobe of nations,'—'childless and crownless in her voiceless woe,'—'a marble wilderness,' and 'lone mother of dead empires,'—is in its primary idea of a decayed kingdom personified as a 'woman forsaken and grieved in spirit,' but an eloquent paraphrase of the opening of Lamentations—'How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! she weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her: all her friends have dealt treacherously with her—they are become her enemies.' Again: I know you greatly admire the same poet's 'Ode to Napoleon.' Do so; but admire also Isaiah's ode on the fall of Sennacherib, the Napoleon of Babylon; and observe too, that, independent of a general resemblance throughout in point of structure, Lord Byron's first and finest stanza is altogether derived from the prophet—

> "'Tis past—but yesterday a king,
> And armed with kings to strive,
> And now thou art a nameless thing;
> So abject, yet alive!
> Is this the man of thousand thrones,
> Who strewed the earth with hostile bones?
> And can he thus survive?
> Since he miscalled the morning star,
> No nor a mer fiend has fallen so far.'

'He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke is persecuted, and none hindreth. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken nations! They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble—that did shake kingdoms—that made the world as a wilderness?' * * *

"Campbell's expression—

> 'Her march is on the mountain wave,
> Her home is on the deep,'

will remind you of the Psalmist's—'Thy path is in the sea, and thy footsteps in the great deep.' When a poet said that the Apollo Belvidere appears to have shot the arrow 'less by an effort than a command,' he expressed a noble idea, worthy the transcendent statue; but when Habakkuk says of the Holy One, 'He stood, and measured the earth; he beheld, and drave asunder the nations,' the sublime conception of power exercised by the mere movement of *will*, is carried to a height worthy the true and living God—the God of Heaven! Young well expresses the same style of sentiment—

> 'Whose word was nature's birth,
> The shadow of whose hand was Nature's shield,
> Her dissolution his suspended smile.'"

The similarity between Jezebel and Lady Macbeth is also put in a most striking light. We give this volume its highest and its true praise, when we say we would place it in the hands of every young person. We know none among the female writers of our day for whose talents we have a higher respect than for those of Miss Jewsbury. The natural powers of her mind have received that best of cultivation, Christian philosophy; and a beautiful purity—an earnest thoughtfulness—hope, "which, like the lark, flies heavenward,"—have been the result. Her style is rich and peculiar, where the thoughts are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Few writers of the age have so completely made a temple of the mind, and a high place of the heart: there is not a page in the present work but is imbued with the strongest feeling of that religion which saith, "Be not faithless, but believing;" "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—*Lit. Gazette.*

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES,

AUTHOR OF VERGINIUS AND THE HUNCHBACK.

Mr. Knowles was intended for the medical profession, and studied for it; but the instinct of genius drew him more and more towards the stage. He became a teacher of elocution: he was an actor for three years, in Ireland; and, finally, he has added a name to the list of those extraordinary men, who so remarkably abounded on the stage at one time, as combiners of acting with authorship. It will have been seen, by the account given of his plays, that, like all other fine and useful writers, he has not been without his helps of experience and trouble; and he has had others. He delights to call to mind the acquaintance he made, when a boy, with the late Mr. Hazlitt, and the great good done by that admirable critic, and good-hearted, though irritable man. Mr. Hazlitt took a liking to him, gave him his best advice, quoted passages for him from the best writers, and showed him how superior nature was to art, and what a capital thing it was to have faith in her. The young dramatist also became acquainted with Mr. Lamb, another admirable humanist, whom no man of letters ever knew without being the better for it. Mr. Hazlitt pointed out to his earliest notice, as an instance of clear and elegant writing, a passage in Mr. Lamb's "John Woodvil," about a stag; we know not whether that, in which the stag is pictured as making "a dancing shadow of his horns in the water," or the other passage, in which there is a beautiful comparison of the shyness of deer with "bashful younkers in society." Mr. Knowles, however, never "studied" the old masters in the drama; indeed he has said that, with the exception of Shakspeare, he purposely avoided them, when he commenced writing, that his ideas might be unshackled. But what did Mr. Knowles as much good, perhaps, as any thing else in Mr. Hazlitt's society, was that spirit of self-forgetfulness, and equality of intercourse, which all young people, who recollect that great writer, are so thankful to remember. He put himself on a level with him, listened to his arguments, as if they were those of a grown man, and answered them as if he valued them accordingly; and he knew this was wise for himself too, as well as for the boy, since childhood, in its unhampered natural wisdom, often says things capable of suggesting light to wisdom full grown. Besides Mr. Hazlitt knew how to love the beauty of a child's mind, and to live with it in its primeval word. Mr. Knowles knew him long, and may be said, in some measure, to have grown up under his mind. He has mentioned him in private, as having been a sort of "mental father." We must not forget that Mr. Hazlitt introduced him to Coleridge, who read him one of his fine extemporaneous lectures on poetry, and amazed him by the simplicity of another great mind, and the interest he took in talking with a little boy. Among his recollections of Hazlitt livelier passages are not wanted, illustrative of other parts of his friend's character. The bashful and irritable metaphysician, who was always misgiving himself for his want of address, took it in his head once to study rope-dancing, and actually had a lance-wood pole fitted up in his room on which the future dramatist, we believe, practised with him. The boy once sat to him for his picture (for Hazlitt originally intended himself for a painter,) and perplexed him with the unmarked rotundity of his little visage. "Hang your fat cheek!" cried the impatient artist: "frown James." It is worth while to dilate a little upon the origin of Virginius. Mr. Knowles finding great difficulty in getting up any thing at the London theatres, had laid aside the pen for several years, when meeting Mr. Kean at Glasgow, that great actor said, that if he would write a play in which he could perform the principal part, he would bring it out; and he suggested to him the story of Virginius. The piece, however, was transferred to Covent-garden, because another on the same subject had been previously received at Drury-lane, and, after all, it first came out at Glasgow, the part of Virginius being performed, with great applause, by Mr. Cooper. A friend of Mr. Macready's sent him an account of the play: he requested too see it in the manuscript, read it, and wrote a highly flattering letter to the author, the consequence of which was acquaintance between them, and the appearance of this pathetic tragedian in his most applauded character. All these circumstances contributed to our author's familiarity with life and the stage, and it is an honour to his energies to add, that the profoundest of all teachers has not been wanting to him—adversity. Mr. Knowles is married, and has a family, we believe, of six children. He is somewhat under the middle height, stout, and well-built, with a pleasant, ardent, and manly aspect, and a demeanour with a cast of roughness in it, but nothing clownish or ill-bred; it is all cordiality and good nature, with a relish, as well as crust upon it, of old port.—*Monthly Mag.*

A NAME OF TERROR.—*Anecdote of Capt. Macnamara.*—At a period when this gentleman's reputation for duelling was so great that his very name was supposed to inspire terror, he was walking in Vauxhall Gardens, accompanied by two ladies. Their beauty was so considerable, that it attracted the attention of all the promenaders, but particularly that of an individual, who followed them, and loudly expressed his admiration in very offensive terms. Macnamara remonstrated with him, in an extremely gentlemanly manner, and requested him to desist; but the fellow persisting he was compelled to speak more firmly and to require his card. "My card," repeated the bully, "aye, you shall have it;" and drawing it forth, in a very ferocious manner, thrust it into Macnamara's hands. Turning towards the light, that gentleman read on it, to his infinite surprise, *Captain Macnamara, Fenton's Hotel*—his own name, address, and card, which by some chance or knavery had fallen into the ruffian's hands, and which he had considered of sufficient efficacy to extricate him from the consequences of any impertinence he might choose to commit.

"HURRA FOR NOBLE GREY."

Three cheers for merry England, now
The fight is fought and won!
And, giant-like, rejoicing,
Her glorious race is run!
Her new career lies broad and clear,
Old things have passed away!
Each British heart has played his part—
Hurra for noble Grey!

See, in the Lords the adverse bands
In deadly conflict meet!
See, calmly grand, the Patriot stands—
Triumphant in defeat!
But now, called back, his glorious track
A nation's thanks repay!—
Yes, thanks, good store; come, "one cheer more"—
Hurra for noble Grey!

The "whisper of a faction"
Is lost amid the roar
Of a people's cry—raised loud and high—
Thrilling from shore to shore!
The tory tribe are past and gone
For ever and a day:
Ay, past and fled—peace to the *dead*—
Hurra for noble Grey!

Let anger all be laid aside,
In this triumphal hour;
And raise the shout—and sound the bell,
In city, town and tower.
Our souls are full!—how beautiful
This merry month of May!
From toil released, hail joy and feast!
Hurra for noble Grey!

REFORM.

Reform! Reform! the watchword sounds
O'er mountain, vale, and plain;
And every heart with gladness bounds,
In welcome of that strain.
Reform! Reform! the standard streams
Across the sea-girt isle;
And ev'ry eye where freedom beams,
Beholds it with a smile.

A smile! the pledge of steadfast hope,
Unbroken, undismayed:
Of energies that dare to cope
With hostile hosts arrayed.
When tyrants frown, let cravens quail,
And in their chains be still;
But Briton's steel'd in freedom's mail,
Thus speak their sov'reign will.

Ere yet too late let monarchs learn,
Their power is but in trust;
Let haughty lords to Gallia turn,
And gaze on kindred dust.
For Britains sons have sternly sworn,
With one united breath,
Their streaming standards shall be borne,
To win Reform or death.

Lond. Times.

MANIFESTO OF THE OPPOSITION IN FRANCE.

On the 28th of May, a meeting of the opposition members of the Chamber of Deputies was held, when the address subjoined was adopted, and published the next day in all the Paris papers. The signatures are forty-one, including the names of M. Odillon Barrot, by whom it was written, of M. M. Mauguin and Cormenin, who revised it, and those of Gen. Lafayette, Gen. Lamarque, (written by proxy, he being on his death-bed,) De Tracy, Lafitte, &c. It commences thus—

"*To our Constituents:*—The undersigned Deputies, present at Paris, convinced of the perils of a system which removes the Government farther and farther from the Revolution which created it, regard it, in the present situation of France, the most imperious of their duties to render an account to their constituents of their principles and their votes. If it has not been in their power to bring back the Government to the conditions of its own preservation, it is at least in their power to point out the danger. Our Revolution of 1830 has been variously construed. Some have seen in it but an incident, a modification of the Restoration, and have thence concluded that the men and principles of the Restoration were to be the principles and men of the new Government. The influence of this opinion was exemplified in all the phases of the late, long, and barren Session. It was evident in the debates upon the Civil List, the Peerage, and the organization of the Army—it presided over the discussions of the Budget; it directs the administration of the Empire, and regulates our conduct towards Foreign Powers.

[They go on to specify various particulars in which they have witnessed, on the part of the Ministry, a position contrary to the spirit of the Revolution of July. They instance the large appropriations giving to the new Monarchy an air of opulence—the attempt of the Ministry to re-establish in France the old feudal word "subject" instead of citizen—the privilege conceded to the Peers of holding their titles for life, instead of holding them at the pleasure of the King—the inefficient organization of the National Guard—the unnecessary amount of taxation for purposes unconnected with the defence of the country, &c. &c. They then pass to the relations of France with Foreign Powers.]

It was with shame that, during the Session, we several times heard the agents of the Government speak of the fear of displeasing foreign Cabinets. We thought that France was forever delivered from such humiliating influence; we do not disavow our lively sympathy with the happiness of other nations, but we have never set up the pretension of subjecting them to our institutions. After the subversion of the dynasty imposed by the Holy Alliance, it was the duty of the government to watch closely the movements of foreign Monarchs, and especially to prevent them extending and augmenting their power. The Government itself acknowledged this duty when it announced to France its intention of succoring Italy against Austria, and of protecting the nationality of Poland against Russia. And yet, notwithstanding these positive promises, in spite of both the old and new interests of France, it has abandoned Italy to the dominion of Austria, and suffered Poland to perish—unfortunate Poland, which it was in our power to assist, whatever has been said to the contrary in the Chamber, and which it was our duty to save. Let it not be thought that measured and firm language would have led to war; we, on the contrary, believe that it was the only and surest means of preserving peace; in short, peace with the independence and dignity of France, order by liberty, unalterable fidelity to the principle of the Revolution of July—a principle of nationality, justice, order, glory and moderation, liberty and general civilization, a glorious and pure principle, which we wish to promote, which all our votes have faithfully expressed, and which our hearts have never betrayed, such has always been and always will be our political creed.

Far be it from us to imitate our adversaries in their violence and calumny. But let the men of the 13th of March tells us whether one of their promises has been fulfilled. They were to rally round the throne every opinion, but they have caused fatal divisions among generous men, united by the love of liberty, and a sense of their country in danger. They were to consolidate the revolution, but they have removed its natural supports by the dissolution of the National Guards of the most warlike and faithful towns. They were to favor the liberty of the press which saved France, but they have fettered it by their prosecutions, ruined it by imposts and fines, and corrupted it by *amortissements*. They know that the immense majority of the nation and the Chamber of Deputies wished to abolish the hereditary descent of the peerage, but they treated the wishes of the nation and the Chamber as visionary and absurd. They declared that they would cause legal order to prevail, and yet there is not a law the application of which they have not perverted or falsified; that they would derive their support from the Chambers, and yet they have stifled their proposition of laws; that they would discharge by hospitality the debt of France towards the Polish, Spanish and Italian refugees, and yet they have branded this hospitality by the shameful condition which they have attached to it. They pledged themselves to afford us internal security, and yet it has always been disturbed by commotions, violent conflicts between the people and the authorities, and by the audacious and daily increasing aggressions of the partizans of the fallen government. They announced to us a general disarmament, and yet they have led us into a labyrinth of diplomatic intrigues, so inextricable that it is impossible even for them to assign an end to this state of anxiety, which is neither one of peace nor war, and which annihilates our commerce.

Finally, in what situation does the system of quasi-legitimacy leave France after two years' experience? Abroad is not the coalition of Kings more menacing than ever? At home, is not civil war evident? Are not the troops which skirt our frontiers, those plots and disturbances constantly renewed in the west and in the south, sufficient to open the eyes of the Government? Before it decides, will it wait until our departments are in a flame, our provinces invaded, and France so compromised that the can only be saved by sacrificing both her sons and her treasures? We declare with painful and deep conviction that if this system be prolonged, the Revolution of July and France will become a prey to their enemies. The Restoration and the Revolution are commencing an old struggle, which we thought was at an end. Let the Government choose; the equivocal position in which it has placed itself is not tenable. It gives it neither the strength of the Restoration, with which it is irreconcilable, nor that of the Revolution, which is irritated and distrustful. France of 1830, like that of 1789, thought that hereditary Royalty with popular institutions had nothing incompatible with the principles of liberty; let the government of July, therefore, confidentially return to the conditions of its existence. The whole world knows what power the French Revolution affords to those to whom it is devoted; but its wishes that the latter should also be faithful to it without disguise or after thought. As for us, united by the same devotedness to the great and noble cause for which France has been fighting for the last forty years, we will forsake it neither in its successes nor its reverses; our lives are devoted to it, and we are confident that it will be finally triumphant.

"*Paris, May* 28, 1832.

HINDOO OBSERVATORY.—In the neighbourhood of Delhi there is a gigantic astronomical observatory, supposed to be a work of Hindoo Rajah Jey Sing, in the 17th century. There is a dial in very good repair, the gnomon of which is 60 feet high, of solid stone-masonry. These enormous instruments appear as though they had been manufactured by the Titans, in order to take an reconnoissance of the heavens before they commenced their siege of Olympus.—*Mundy's Sketches.*

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 9th, James Herner, merchant of Albany, to Miss C. A. Atley, adopted daughter of John Hildreth, Esq.

On the 11th, Walter F. Brush, of the house of Abiel Brush & Nephew, to Miss Almira F. Hall, daughter of James Hall.

On the 11th, John Keese, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Z. S. Willet

On the 11th, John H. Black, of Newark, to Miss Ann Oakley.

On the 10th, Thomas Turney, to Miss Maria Smith.

On the 12th, John W. Mercereau, to Miss Amelia Rosse.

On the 12th, Herman M. Van Benscholten, of Sullivan county, to Miss Caroline Crugar.

DIED,

In this city, on the 10th, Emily Augusta, wife of James H. V. Lawrence.

On the 14th, Dr. Wm. Stilwell, aged 64.

On the 13th, S. J. Tobias, merchant.

On the 14th, Robert Alexander.

On the 13th, Gen. Alexander M. Muir, Commissary General of this State, aged 40.

On the 4th, P. D. Sargent, formerly of Gloucester, Ms. aged 33.

On the 14th, Dr George Hubbard, of Tioga county.

On the 15th, James Cummings, Esq. merchant of this city, aged 71.

On the 12th, Capt. Abriel Luestram, aged 32, master of the schr. Maize, of Newburyport.

At Orange, N.J. Mrs. Ann Beloste Taylor, wife of Jas. Taylor, Esq. Cashier of the Bank of America, and adopted daughter of Mrs. Ann Rogers, of this city.

At West Point, Isabella Juliana Harrison, widow of the late Capt. Robert M. Harrison.

CHOLERA PREVENTIVE.

WE do not mean by this heading that we have any thing that is an infallible *preventive or cure* for Cholera, but every physician and every person urges the use of means in guarding against this dreadful scurge—and the main and essential means to correct the stomach and bowels, and prevent or cure looseness or diarrhœa. For this purpose a preparation much used and depended upon in Europe, and lately here with great success, may be obtained of

L. S. COMSTOCK & CO.
20 Fulton and 56 Division st.

N.B. It is prepared by a physician, and used in his family and in the families of his patients with much confidence. july 21.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, NEW HAVEN, CT.

IT it with pleasure that the subscriber is enabled to inform his friends and the public that he opened in September last, for the reception of company, the large and spacious public house in New Haven, Conn. lately fitted up by its enterprizing proprietor, James Brewster, Esq. This house is designed for accommodating literary and scientific gentlemen and their families, as well as others who wish to spend any time in the beautiful city of New Haven.

The "Franklin House," has connected with it the "Franklin Hall," Lecture Rooms, Laboratory and Philosophical Apparatus, a valuable collection of Minerals, and a large variety of specimens in Natural History, and an elegant Observatory. A valuable library will soon be added, and practical Scientific Lectures frequently delivered by gentlemen distinguished in their several professions, all of which will render the establishment at once not only pleasant for strangers, but advantageous to all.

These extensive accommodations, with those already provided at the "Tontine," and every exertion on the part of the subscriber to provide for his table the best from the markets, and for his house faithful servants, will render a stay in New Haven desirable, and secure to him, as he hopes, a share of public patronage.

July 21-6m ISAAC M. HALL.

SAMUEL KENNEDY,

CARVER, GILDER, and LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a share of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

Pier, mantle, and toilet looking-glasses; carved and gilt brackets; curtain and other ornaments; picture, needle work, and print frames; gilt mouldings in lengths, &c., all of the newest patterns, are constantly manufacturing. Old looking-glasses new silvered, framed, or taken in exchange. Old frames and ornaments re-gilt or repaired. Prints and paintings cleaned, stained and varnished. Picture-glass and looking-glass plates fitted to frames. Carved and gilt curtain ornaments made to any fancy, either from drawings or description in writing. ☞ All orders promptly and correctly executed for cash. may 16. ci.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY,
OLD ESTABLISHMENT.
NO. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old established Stores, *No. 102 William-street, and No. 19 Arcade*, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTALOON-STRAPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, &c. &c. manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture Glaz'd and Oil'd SILKS, of superior quality; Glaz'd MUSLIN and Oil'd LINEN, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the *shortest notice*.

N B. All orders punctually attended to.

june 13-cily.

CURE *for Gout and Rheumatism.*—Medicated Oil Silk, for sale by L. MORANGE & DAVIS, june 30. 105 William st.

NEW WASHINGTON BATH,
No. 12 Fourth-st.
Between Sixth Avenue and Washington square

THE proprietor of this *Bath*, encouraged by his numerous and increasing patrons, has at a very great expense built a more commodious bathing house, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for *Gentlemen exclusively*. The former bathing house is reserved for the use of *Ladies only*; to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded.

He has also added two separate rooms in front, which he intends to keep supplied with a variety of refections, newspapers, &c. and no attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "down town," while the well known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury, and the health preserving virtues of the bath.

Single tickets, 25 cents; five tickets, $1; fifteen tickets, $2 50; thirty-five tickets, $5; and eighty tickets, $10. may 9. c&i

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. june 6-ci6m.

ARTIFICIAL MINERAL WATERS.—Congress and Ballston Waters, fresh from the springs, for sale by GEO. D. COGGESHALL, Apothecary, june 30. corner of Pearl and Rose sts.

240 BOXES INDELIBLE INK,

FOR marking linen, &c. a superior article, offered at the lowest manufacturer's price, at wholesale and retail, by DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, july 14. 377 Broadway.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New York, respectfully informs his patrons abroad, as well as in this city, that he did sel this day in the New York Lottery, comb. 10 21 24, the capita prize of $10,000. This establishes the fact of being the only vender who sells the highest prizes in every lottery.

Orders as usual must be addressed to Sylvester, N. York, who will remain at his post the whole year. July 11.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, No. 108 Broad-street, including the block between Pearl and Water-sts., New-York. *Henry Thurston* and *Alexander P. Fonda*, late of Troy, respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have become the lessees of the suit of buildings on Broad-street, comprising the establishment of the Merchants' Hotel, recently occupied by O. H. Wells-ton, and opened the same for the reception of company.

The establishment is already distinguished as one of the most spacious, airy, agreeable and convenient houses in the city—its location in the immediate vicinity of both business and pleasure, being within a few minutes' walk of the Exchange or Wall-street, and of the principal business houses on Pearl, Water and Front streets—of the East River, the Battery, Bowling-Green, and Broadway. The proprietors flatter themselves to make it desirable, independent of the many suits of rooms for private families and are determined to devote their entire personal attention to the desires and the comforts of their patrons.

May 7. 1832. THURSTON & FONDA.

MISS GILBERT'S *Boarding and Day School.*—Miss Angelica Gilbert continues her school at No. 113 Bleecker street (near Le Roy Place) an airy and elevated situation, suitable to the accommodation of pupils from the country, and in the summer months from more densely settled parts of the city

The rudiments, as well as the higher branches usual in female education, are taught; the French language and Drawing by the first masters; and music, vocal and instrumental, by herself.

Terms made known on inquiry, and the most respectable references given, as (by permission) the Rev. Mr. Hawkes, Rev. Mr. Cutler, Dr. S. Moore, Samuel Ward Jun., Leonard Kip, George Shipman, Ogden Edwards, John Colt, Esq., and others whose children have been at her school.

New-York April 28, 1832.

LAKE ONTARIO.—The splendid steamer *Great Britain*, Capt Joseph Whitney, propelled by two low pressure engines of 90 horse power each. The public are respectfully informed that the following arrangements have been made for the months of July, August, September and October. Will leave Prescott every Wednesday morning, viz: July 4, 11, 18, and 25; August 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; September 5, 12, 19, and 26; October 3, 10, 17, 24, and 31—touching at Brockville, Kingston Cobourg, Port Hope, York, and arrive at Niagara early on Friday morning. Will leave Niagara every Saturday afternoon, viz: July 7, 14, 21, and 28; August 4, 11, 18, and 25; September 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; October 6, 13, 20, and 27—calling at Kingston and Brockville, and arrive at Prescott on Sunday evening.

The Ladies and Gentlemen's Cabins on board the Great Britain are finished in the same manner as the New-York and Liverpool Packet Ships, with State Rooms: and no expense has been spared in finishing and furnishing the Boat in the most comfortable manner. Every endeavor will be used to accommodate passengers and ensure regularity.

Prescott, (U. C.) July 11, 1832. c. i. u.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 24 for 1832, drawn July 18:—59 2 24 17 60 29 42 30 28 43.

Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & McIntyre, to whom I beg to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail meet same attention as on personal application if addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn.

July 25—Class 25, $25,000, 10,000, 5,000.....$8
Aug. 1—Class 26, $20,001, 5,000.....$5
Aug. 8—Class 27, $12,000, 5,000.....$4
Aug. 15—Class 28, $20,000, 6,000.....$5
Aug. 22—Class 29, $30,000, 15,000, 7,500.....$6

Tickets and shares in the above for sale in every variety. No connexion with any other person in New York.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N.Y.
Baltimore, Md. and Pittsburgh, Pa.

N.B. That valuable paper, the *Reporter*, enlarged, is published as usual, and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.

FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.

Fare, 12½ cents.

The low pressure steamboat *John Jay*, Capt. L. Wandel, will leave foot of Canal street every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May until further notice, in the following order, viz.

Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 9½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 6 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 5½ A.M., 10 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 6½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 7½ A.M., 11 A.M., P.M., and 7½ P.M.

Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 4 o'clock A.M., 8½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 4½ A.M., 9 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 5½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 6½ A.M. 10½ A.M., 3 P.M., and 6½ P.M.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, or any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdicks, West street, one door north of Ames. may 9. c&i.

HUDSON & NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE FOR 1832.

Hudson Tow-boat Co.'s Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G. Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John I. Haviland), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days:

From Hudson—Fridays at 4 o'clock P.M., from their wharf south of the ferry.

From New York—Saturdays at 6 P.M. from the east side Counties slip, corner of South street.

To be towed by the steamboat LEGISLATOR, Captain J. B. Coffin—for freight and passengers.

The steamboat Legislator will make one trip in each week without her barges, for light freight and passengers, viz.: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 10 o'clock, A.M.; and from New York Wednesdays at 6 P.M.

Towing will be taken by the Legislator if required.

The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York.

ap. 25. JOHN POWER, Agent.

LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK PACKETS.

Intended to sail,

1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June.
1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct.
1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.

Rates of passage.

Cabin, $100; second cabin, $50; steerage, $25, including provisions and every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

For passage either to or from Liverpool apply to E. MACOMBER, 164 Maiden lane, may 9. c&i. near South st. N. York.

REMOVAL.
PIANO FORTE STORE,

395 *Broadway, near Walkerst.*

M. V. GREGIER begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of the latest plan and fashion, with metalic plates, or without, and hopes, from his long experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to merit a share of public patronage, which it shall ever be his study to deserve; having served a lawful apprenticeship of seven years with a superior maker from London, with the practice of six since, making thirteen, is confident he is able to execute any order that might be given in the line of Piano Fortes. For materials, workmanship, tone and touch, they are warranted not to be surpassed by any. Old Pianos taken in part payment for new ones; likewise repaired and tuned, at the shortest notice. Also, the guitar pedal added to Piano Fortes.

N.B. Dealers are invited to call; they will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms. may 30-cily.

NEW MUSIC.

FIRTH & HALL have just published a Grand Chorus, entitled the "Fourth of July," composed and arranged expressly for the celebration of that day, and dedicated to the Choristers of the Churches in the United States, by J. H. Haggenmacher. Also, the Ode on Science, written by Mrs. C. Embury, and composed by Wilhem Iucho. "Social Pieces," for the flute, with an acco. for the Piano Forte (ad. lib.), being selections from the works of Messrs. Nicholson, Wiess, Dressler &c. &c. (To be continued.) "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," the words, arranged for the Spanish Guitar, by Otto Torp; and "Blest were the Hours," a favourite song, arranged for the Guitar.

Musical Instruments of every description, as usual. Apply at the Franklin Music Saloon, No. 1 Franklin square, late Franklin Bank. july 11-c.

PASSAICK HOUSE, *Belleville, N. Jersey.*

D. PULLINGER, respectfully informs the public that she has opened as a hotel, that pleasantly situated house in Belleville, recently occupied by Mr. Isaac, where she will accommodate persons with board by the day, week or year, on moderate terms. She has stages running from her house to Newark continually through the day, where passengers can take the Newark steamboat for New York. june 6-ci.

SIR HENRY HALFORD'S MIXTURE,

AS a preventative for the Asiatic Cholera. A medicine recommended by the body physician of the King of England, and used there with the most astonishing success, is offered for sale, at wholesale and retail, by DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, july 14. 377 Broadway.

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (*tartar*,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum biles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentrifice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the *savans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," *a cure is guaranteed.* JONATHAN DODGE,
No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,

AND

DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS

WHO DESIRE A

NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT *THE OLD STAND*, A *CHOICE* SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.

From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of

170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR

T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,
70 WILLIAM-STREET,
NEW YORK.

MEDICATED SILK OIL'D,

BY *Luke Davies*, at his old established U. S. Cap and Stock Manufactory, No. 102 William street, and 11 Arcade.

N.B. Certificates from the most eminent physicians of its mode of operating. june 23-ci.